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THE SUPREME COURT, as "Mr. Dooley" once astutely remarked, follows the election returns. Sometimes, of course, it is a good many years behind them, but by and large it has bowed to the public will in interpreting the federal Constitution during the century and a half of that document's existence. Obviously it has had to. Otherwise we should have had to scrap the Constitution or government would have had to cease to be a living organism. In reading the judgment of the court on the Minnesota law establishing a moratorium on foreclosures of mortgages, we feel that Chief Justice Hughes, supported by Justices Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, and Cardozo, has bowed to the inevitable rather than expounded the certain. The minority opinion—by Justices Sutherland, Van Devanter, McReynolds, and Butler—is an impressive statement of cold logic, but must be discarded for what Justice Hughes aptly calls "the protection of a basic interest of society." Had the Minnesota statute stood alone, the court might have upheld the letter of the Constitution and thrown out the law, but with our whole recovery legislation hanging by the same thread the path of necessity was plain. It is fortunate for the country—and for the court—that the Minnesota law has been upheld, but the circumstances must increase the amazement of all thinking persons at a system whereby policy vital to 120,000,000 people depends upon a five-to-four vote among nine men.

IN HIS SPEECH at the Woodrow Wilson dinner on December 28 President Roosevelt paid eloquent tribute to the desire of the peoples of the world for peace. Governments make war, he said; peoples fight wars against their will. He asked an agreement among nations to eliminate offensive weapons and a declaration that "no nation will permit any of its armed forces to cross its own borders into the territory of another nation." Evidently Mr. Roosevelt is concerned with war on the land. On the sea it is another matter. For in his new budget he asked an appropriation of $53,819,000 for continued work on fifteen cruisers now being built and for the laying down of the last of the 10,000-ton cruisers permitted under the London naval treaty—an increase of $1,622,000 over the navy budget for last year. An additional $2,700,000 was provided to increase the navy's enlisted strength by 3,000 men, and another million dollars was added to bring the fleet into the Atlantic from the Pacific next spring and to return it next fall. All this is on top of $238,000,000 of public-works funds turned over to the navy by executive order some months ago. The President is acquiring a reputation for courage; he is said to be a man who will try anything once, no matter how unpopular it may be, if it appears to be worth while. What if the President in his budget speech had said: "The $53,819,000 asked by the navy will be used instead for relief to the workers thrown out of jobs by the abandonment of our cruiser-construction program. We have no use for more cruisers. We, both government and people, want peace, not war"? The big-navy hornets would have been about his ears, sure enough, but we venture to guess that they would have been unnoticed in the deafening chorus of applause from his countrymen.

THERE is so much to commend in the report on Philippine independence just made by a committee sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association and the World Peace Foundation that Mr. Roosevelt might well accept it as a program to be presented to Congress. The Hare-Hawes-Cutting act has been rejected by the Philippine legislature, and is so objectionable in this country to all believers in common decency that it ought to be regarded as permanently in the discard. The unofficial committee now reporting agrees on two points which must be embodied in any reasonable bill: first, the date of independence must be definitely set, and, second, it must be far enough ahead to allow for proper preparation and a gradual transition. It is suggested that American sovereignty terminate at the end of ten years, subject to the conclusion of an international neutralization agreement, and that responsible local government should begin at once. The committee rightly regards neutralization as an essential condition of independence, saying:

> The committee regards the possession of the Philippines by the United States as a definite liability. But . . . any withdrawal from the Philippines, without taking safeguards to prevent the islands from falling into the hands of any foreign Power, would be as unjust to the Filipino people as withdrawal prompted solely by a desire to increase the profits of certain American producers.

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Tariffs and regulation of immigration are, of course, two old difficulties. The committee advises fifteen years of moderate duties on the part of both countries. "If it is deemed necessary for the United States to protect domestic beet-sugar production," it says, "such protection should take the form of a direct aid from the American government, such as a processing tax." The way to handle immigration, it is suggested, would be through a quota.

WHEN HITLER came to power the Protestant churches, in obedience to the call for "coordination," united to form a single great national church, the *Reichskirche*. The new regime seemed to have successfully surmounted the conflicts that had divided the evangelical sects. As the Reich had one Chancellor, so the church had its Reichsbishop; the states had their bishops as they had their *Statthalter*, or vice-regents. Corresponding to the Reich cabinet, the church had its Clerical Ministry, and what the National Socialist Party was in the state, the German Christians movement became for the church. But this union brought no unity; in this corporate church antagonisms were more bitter than they had been before. A few weeks ago the directorate of the German Christians ousted the directorate of the Berlin churches, and had itself to resign a few days later because of the storm of protest that arose. Storm troopers were sent to the centers of greatest disaffection and clergymen were arrested in Stettin, Greiz, Breslau, Leipzig, and Hamburg. But without avail. The Clerical Ministry resigned and the Third Reich met with its first political defeat. Reichsbishop Müller, Hitler's personal appointee, now offered to make concessions: clergymen would be exempted from the Aryan law; Hossenfelder, the director of the German Christians, a Nazi fanatic, would be withdrawn and the theological faculties would enjoy greater freedom. For a short time all seemed peaceful, but the German Christians continued their underground propaganda against accepted creeds and for the half-pagan, half-Christian sort of Wotan worship with which the Nazi government hopes to restore to its people pride of race and nationality.

ON SUNDAY, January 7, the Reichsbishop undertook a second and more vigorous offensive. A religious ceremony attended by a thousand children was stopped and the pastors were arrested. The government threatened to suspend all opposition clergymen who should dare to read in their churches the protest of the Pastors' Emergency Federation, an organization consisting of 6,000 Protestant clergymen, and ordered the reinstatement in the regulations of the church of the suspended Aryan paragraph. These measures showed that the Nazis were determined on a fight to the finish. It is possible that the announcements of Cardinals Faulhaber (Munich) and Bertram (Breslau) that they would support the fight of their Protestant colleagues had something to do with this change of front. National Socialist leaders saw in the protests of these dignitaries of German Catholicism against a "pagan hierarchy" the return of the officially dissolved Centrist Party.

DESPITE Mayor LaGuardia's repeated assertion that he is out of politics, it is a pretty game of politics that is being played by him and Governor Lehman. Nor is this said with any disrespect to the Mayor of New York City, for he has shown himself not only the better strategist but the more disinterested public servant. On January 2 Mr. LaGuardia laid before the Board of Estimate a bill to be submitted to the legislature allocating to himself plenary powers for the reorganization of the city government and the rehabilitation of its finances. He asked for these powers, some of which would contravene the city charter, on the ground that there was a financial emergency, the city being without necessary funds to carry out its commitments for relief, and being unable to meet the demand for a balanced budget by February 1 which would make possible a federal loan of $23,000,000. The financial emergency was to be met by economy, by elimination of unnecessary jobs, and by a compulsory furlough without pay for teachers, firemen, and policemen—specifically exempted from the general reorganization—and other city employees with a few definite exceptions. The Board of Estimate accepted the bill in a resolution which cut the time limit from two years to about eight months, making the Mayor's new powers terminate on October 1, 1934.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA announced that he would himself present the bill to the legislature, but before he had time to do so, Governor Lehman entered the scene with a strongly worded letter to the Mayor which he made public before Mr. LaGuardia had a chance to read it. The Governor, having sat silent during the Walker administration, the Seabury inquiry, and the final acts of the O'Brien administration, which safely salted away as many city jobs as possible for the deserving boys of Tammany Hall, now found himself gravely exercised over what he termed the proposals for a dictatorship made by Mayor LaGuardia. Moreover, although he himself was present at the negotiations between the city and its creditors, the bankers, last November, when the latter laid down the very stringent terms on which they would make further loans to the city, he denied that a financial emergency existed and declared that "the city of New York, if efficiently administered, should have better credit than it has had for years." He did not, however, point out just how this efficient administration could be worked out with the existing Board of Aldermen, controlled by Tammany Hall, possessing both the determination and the power to block every proposal for financial reorganization which would deprive the Hall of any part of its share of the spoils. In reply to this the Mayor first declared that he would accept any plan which would give him the power to balance the city's budget, and then, with the utmost good temper, reasserted the existence of the financial emergency, denied that he sought dictatorial powers for himself, since the acts of the city were subject to review by the legislature, and pointed out that talk of dictatorship was idle since the city had just ended sixteen years of political dictatorship which had drained its financial resources and laid on the taxpayers burdens which they were unable to meet.

THE MOST TELLING POINT in Mr. LaGuardia's reply was that he would "take any plan that will give me a balanced budget." This should dispose of his alleged ambitions to be a dictator. His next step, presumably, will be one of compromise, and he could not do better than to ask for the powers proposed in his bill for himself and the Board of Estimate together. (If he had done so in the first place, the Governor might well have countered by another

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compromise which insisted on the concurrence of the Board of Aldermen!) It is hard to see what objection Governor Lehman can make to this without bringing down on his head accusations of being determined to save Tammany at all costs. The citizens of New York thought well enough of Mr. LaGuardia to elect him Mayor by a comfortable majority. It would be a sad irony if they did not think well enough of him two months later to permit him the opportunity to rescue them from the fix in which they were placed by the government they repudiated. Evidence of sweeping approval of the Mayor's plan on the part of the city as a whole would do much to convince the Governor and the legislature of its desirability.

WITH THE START of the new year the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and Governor Gifford Pinchot embarked upon a liquor experiment which it is to be hoped will be successful. One hundred of the contemplated 240 State liquor stores opened their doors, in the face of a mud-slinging campaign by the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh liquor interests that once used to buy and sell the State legislature. Prices are higher, because of taxes, than those prevailing in the Canadian provincial commissaries, but lower than those in neighboring New Jersey, where liquor can be bought in cigar stores, chain groceries, and department stores. The expected rush to New Jersey, where swinging doors, bars, and brass rails are still in vogue, has failed to materialize, and Pennsylvanians are doing their drinking either at home or in restaurants and hotels. Meanwhile, Michigan's State liquor stores have also opened, Ohio is stocking 250 State stores, Montana has declared a State liquor monopoly, Oregon, Washington, Iowa, Mississippi, and Wyoming are considering doing likewise, and the New York legislature at this session will have before it a plan to manufacture liquor as well as sell it. Virginia is looking with favorable eyes upon a State dispensary plan. Most other States have barred the saloon and adopted rigid forms of control. Gradually, out of the chaos into which repeal thrust them, liquor laws of varying excellence are being evolved.

THE EDITORS OF *THE NATION* salute the editors of the weekly *New Masses* and wish them well—or at least as well as possible short of the immediate establishment of the Communist state, which would in all probability mean the disestablishment of *The Nation*. The *New Masses* program is to support "the militant sections of the working class, the living core of which is the Communist Party." It will fight "against imperialist war, against fascism, evictions, hunger and wage cuts, lynchings and oppression of the Negro people." Modesty forbids *The Nation* to state how many of these causes have been its causes also; this is a note of congratulation, not the beginning of an argument. The *New Masses* for January 2 begins with a series of editorial paragraphs on the news, which are followed by longer editorials; then come, among others, an article by John Strachey, a cartoon by Art Young, an article on the Reichstag trial, what editors know as an "off" piece by John Dos Passos, a Washington dispatch about Congress, and a diverting correspondence between Josephine Herbst and Bruce Bliven of the *New Republic*. Book reviews follow, and articles on art, the theater, the films, and music. It will be seen that in make-up the *New Masses* is not radically different from, say—*The Nation!* In tone, of course, it is and will be. Since it supports and believes in the Communist Party, the *New Masses* has the good fortune to know exactly where it is going, what it wants, and how it plans to get it. This is an estimable position compared to that of an editor who sees the future less clearly and the past less narrowly. But a paper that sets itself up as a lively and intelligent champion of an even newer deal than the New Deal deserves a lot of readers. To this extent, *The Nation* wishes the *New Masses* well!

Told in Billions

AN outlay of ten and a half billion dollars in the year ending June 30 and a deficit of more than seven billion; an additional outlay of almost six and a half billion in the next fiscal year resulting in an additional deficit of just under two billion; a total spending of some seventeen billion by the time the next fiscal year is up (in June, 1935) and a total deficit of some nine billion—this, in brief, is the budget which President Roosevelt has presented to the country. It means, in equally abbreviated terms, that the government will have to raise ten billions in the next six months—to meet the deficit and the refinancing or liquidation of past obligations. It means also that the national debt—which remained almost unchanged at less than two billions for many years up to 1916, which jumped to more than twenty-six billions in 1919, which fell to sixteen billions in 1930, and which rose to about twenty-four billions in 1933—will reach nearly thirty billions by the end of this June. If we include the probable guaranty by the government of the principal of the farm- and home-mortgage bonds, the debt will be increased by June, 1935, to nearly thirty-six billions.

When these unimaginable figures were announced, the country gasped. Then, with commendable nerve and optimism, it braced itself to accept the idea of expenditures, deficits, and debts of almost astronomical dimensions. After all, in order to climb out of an unprecedented depression, a country must be prepared to use unprecedented measures—provided, of course, that the measures work. This view of the President's program was summed up by Arthur Krock in the New York *Times*:

> Estimates, broad but not considered fantastic, have placed the national income at ninety billion dollars for the year 1929 and at fifty billion dollars in a normal year. To spend one-ninth or one-seventh of the 1929 income or one-fifth of the country's normal income in order to restore normal economic conditions for a long period of time would not seem wasteful to most people.

The ease with which the average citizen has adjusted himself has been the greater, perhaps, for the reason that the main burden of repayment of these recovery debts is put off to a later and presumably a better year. His taxes will not now be appreciably higher; and when they do go up, as eventually they must if the debt is to be reduced, he is willing to believe that, if industry revives as the President promises, he will be able to meet them with considerably less anguish. Americans, despite the horrid warnings of the past few years, are not afraid of future burdens. It is the weight of past obligations that depresses them; and these, they be-

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lieve, will be relieved by the money that the new budget promises will flow from the government treasury into their empty pockets.

Granting the general theory behind the Administration's recovery program, the need of these vast expenditures is beyond argument. The government has staked everything on one great chance—that industry will resume normal activity if credit is eased and the buying power of the people is increased. To this end it has tried to raise the lowest level of wages to a level at least of minimum subsistence; it has put several million men to work either in industry or on made employment; it has paid out many millions of dollars in direct relief; it has attempted to reduce the debts of farm and home owners and to raise farm prices. To this end it has also already poured money to the amount of some two billion dollars, mostly in the form of loans, into banks and railway companies and agriculture. None of these activities can be curtailed while the emergency remains acute. One may argue the advisability of this measure or that—we believe, for example, that more money should go into direct relief and public works and less into loans to industry and banks and railways —but one must admit that together they represent a fairly consistent effort. The government is priming the pump on the assumption that the pump will work. This is its great gamble, and to pour in seventeen billions is surely not extreme, in comparison with the outpouring of goods and wages and profits that is presently expected as a result.

Our doubts are all centered on the President's confidence in this result. Will recovery begin as briskly and proceed as steadily as Mr. Roosevelt hopes? Even if the pump is sound and enough water remains at the bottom of the well, it seems to us that greater improvements are looked for within the next few months than the events of the past few months give reasons for anticipating. The budget allots almost four billion dollars to the RFC for this year's expenses, but it calls for no further appropriation in the following year; instead, a refund of $480,000,000 is expected. The expenditure for public works in the two years will be kept well within the three billions already appropriated by Congress. The amounts allotted for relief are left vague; some will come out of RFC appropriations, some presumably from funds now listed as for undesignated needs. The whole outlay is based on an expectation that business will pick up from its present level of 67—using the average of 1923-25 as the basis of calculation—to 80 in the coming year and to 98 in the year after. If business fails to react according to specifications and the President consequently faces the need of another vast emergency budget, the probability of currency inflation becomes almost a certainty.

Even if recovery proceeds at the rate anticipated, the danger of inflation in the face of such unparalleled debts remains acute. It took eleven post-war years to reduce the national debt something more than ten billion dollars; and the depression caught us with some seven billions of war-time indebtedness still hanging around our necks. If 1935 brings back even the moderate prosperity of 1925, we may have some fifteen billion more dollars to pay back than we had ten years previously—on the same income. To carry the interest charges on this increased debt and reduce it to even a pre-depression level within the following eight or ten years—provided the next depression gives us that much time—will mean vastly heavier taxes. We could avoid these in just one way—by outright currency inflation. No one who has ever lived through a currency inflation will assert that that form of debt reduction is less painful than the apparently more arduous method of paying increased taxes. But if Mr. Roosevelt's hopes should prove vain, if in 1935 we have not yet attained the level of prosperity we had in 1925, if we have less money than we had then with which to meet our vastly greater obligations—who can expect anything better than inflation and widespread repudiation?

Despite these possibilities of catastrophe, *The Nation* supports Mr. Roosevelt's general intentions and methods. We believe in paying out public money for the purposes of recovery. But we believe, too, that the country should never lose sight of the mountain of debt it is so cheerfully shouldering. And the Administration should face the job of reducing this tremendous burden with the same courage and frankness with which it announced the necessity of creating it. John Maynard Keynes, in an open letter to President Roosevelt, has advocated strongly, for the purpose of increasing national purchasing power, large government expenditure "which is financed through loans and is not merely a transfer through taxation from existing incomes." It is obvious that such vast expenditures as President Roosevelt projects could only be financed in this way. No conceivable current taxation could meet the estimated costs of recovery. But the day of reckoning must come, and the government should plan for it now when the debts are being incurred.

The Nation proposes in a later issue to discuss in greater detail the problems of taxation and inflation that are created by the President's budget.

A Needed Amendment

THERE are few better illustrations of the odd, unchartable changes in the currents of public opinion in the United States than the attitude of the country in regard to alcoholic liquor and toward child labor. The prohibition amendment went into effect in 1920, designed to accomplish a social reform. Four years later, without any appreciable change in the general temper of the country, another social reform was sought in the submission to the States of an amendment making it possible for Congress to restrict child labor. There was far more public sentiment for restricting child labor than for eliminating liquor. In a general plebiscite prohibition could have hoped to win only by a narrow majority, if at all. On the other hand, general opinion was clearly behind restricting child labor. Congress had twice passed laws with that intention, and there was widespread disappointment when in each case they were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The chief opposition to curtailing child labor came from a numerically insignificant but politically powerful group of employers who wished to exploit children for purely selfish purposes because they were the cheapest kind of human help.

Yet in spite of a national sentiment against child labor, the constitutional amendment languished. The general public was too much occupied with automobiles and movies, while small, aggressive lobbies of manufacturers had their way with legislatures. From 1924 to 1932, inclusive, only Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Montana, and Wisconsin

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ratified the amendment, while it was rejected by one or both of the legislative branches of thirty-four States. In other States the amendment perished in early processes of legislation or was never considered. The child-labor amendment did not suffer because of dissatisfaction with prohibition. Sentiment against prohibition had not crystallized decisively a decade ago, when most of the State legislatures passed on child labor, nor was there any general attempt then to couple the two amendments. It has remained for President Butler of Columbia University to do that—without justification, we think—in a recent statement.

At the end of the year 1932 it looked as if the child-labor amendment had failed. Yet in 1933, when the public turned violently against prohibition and cast it out, there was a sudden and favorable revival of interest in the child-labor amendment. Fourteen States ratified it, in eleven of which it had previously been rejected by one or both houses of the legislature. Thus twenty States have now approved the measure, and favorable action is expected shortly in several more, notably New York and Massachusetts.

Doubtless the industrial depression was a powerful influence both in turning the public against prohibition of liquor and in making it more aggressively in favor of limiting the exploitation of children's toil. When there is not work enough for adult men and women, it becomes obvious that to injure the coming generation by premature employment is not only inhuman but economically crazy. *The Nation* feels that the changed public sentiment both in regard to liquor and child labor is sound. President Butler's attempt to discredit the child-labor amendment along with that against liquor on the ground that both constitute federal interference with local government and the family is an argument which, if accepted, would block all effort toward social legislation on a national scale in this country. Prohibition was resented not because it was federal rather than local action, but because it was a restriction which people in general did not want. President Butler's other ground of opposition—that a legislature having once rejected a constitutional amendment cannot reverse itself—is a legalistic point which must be left to the Supreme Court. Even in case of an adverse ruling, it would be possible to submit and obtain the ratification of a new amendment of precisely the same sort. Some persons have felt that with the prohibitions against child labor in the NRA codes a constitutional amendment is needless, but the codes expire in 1935 and even if they are renewed, it is desirable to give Congress permanent power to deal with the question.

The particular reason that it seems necessary to deal with child labor federally rather than through legislation by States is the existence of economic rivalries among the latter. Probably the people of New England would be glad to stop grinding up children's lives in their factories if it were not for losing their textile business to the South. Likewise the South would not willingly countenance child labor except for the hope of profit in the establishment of new industry. The number of children under sixteen years of age in the textile industry of the United States decreased 59 per cent between 1920 and 1930, but in the same period the number of children in the textile mills of South Carolina and Georgia increased 24 and 12 per cent, respectively.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the child-labor measure, unlike the liquor amendment, is permissive, not mandatory. The child-labor amendment does nothing of itself at all. It merely gives Congress the authority to "limit, regulate, and prohibit" the labor of persons under eighteen years of age, a power which undoubtedly would be exercised in conformity with popular demand. We hope the measure will be ratified by the necessary thirty-six States.

Mr. Sullivan Bores from Without

MARK SULLIVAN, Medicine Ball Man to Herbert Hoover, has fallen victim to another obsession. Briefly, the Ancient Mariner of the New York *Herald Tribune* and numerous other newspapers is convinced that a certain group of "young intellectuals" of which Rexford G. Tugwell is head devil are "gradually" and "quietly" transforming the "familiar American type of social organization" into "one which the word 'Russian' describes more nearly than any other."

Not that Mr. Sullivan has been brief about it; during December, or Anti-Tugwell Month, he used every word at his command not once but five times. On December 12 Mr. Sullivan pointed out that the conflict between George N. Peek and Rexford G. Tugwell was in reality a "struggle between contrasting ideals of government." Mr. Peek, he said, was in favor of the "familiar" American system; Mr. Tugwell wanted to change it into "one which in a brief space can best be described as a nearer approximation to the Russian system than to any existing one." "Professor Tugwell and his adherents," Mr. Sullivan revealed, "have *quietly* got hold of what the technique of social change would call the key places of government, and . . . they are using the leverage *quietly* but powerfully to bring about a revolution, a *silent* revolution but yet a revolution." (The italics are ours.) It was the silence that Mr. Sullivan found so ominous. "The important point," he cried, "is that the public should be enabled to see the struggle . . . and to decide which [side] they wish to win."

On December 13 it was apparent that Mr. Sullivan had spent the night in a cold sweat. "It is accurate to describe the issue," he wrote, "by saying that Mr. Peek believes in the familiar American type of social organization, while Professor Tugwell believes in the type which the public generally calls socialism." "The charge," he said, returning to it even before he had left it, "amounts to this: that Tugwell in his official actions within the Department of Agriculture . . . does what seems designed to bring about in America gradually and quietly the social system he believes in." Mr. Sullivan then quoted Mr. Peek as follows: "I feel that . . . new methods of social control should be clearly outlined, and that the people as a whole should have the right and duty to make the ultimate decision." In order to avoid any misunderstanding, Mr. Sullivan then "amplified" Mr. Peek's "allusion." "Mr. Peek and others feel," ran Mr. Sullivan's exegesis, "that Professor Tugwell and the intellectuals associated with him are trying to bring about adoption of their conception of a social system without letting the public know it is being done." That was his story and he stuck to it. ". . . they [Mr. Peek and others] feel," he

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said, turning around and going back, "that Dr. Tugwell and his associates by virtue of having key places of government are introducing their social philosophy quietly and gradually in a manner which opponents of the proposed system would call lacking in public notice"!

On Sunday, December 17, for the benefit of those who had not heard him, the Ancient Mariner told his story once more from the beginning. "What is going on," he said, "is a tug of war between two sets of forces . . . one of the groups trying to keep America approximately what it has been, the other group pulling us toward an objective for which the only practicable description is 'collectivism.'" Two paragraphs later, amplifying his allusion, he wrote: "To the average man, however, not familiar with the terminology of social science, 'Russian' describes more nearly than any other word the form of social organization toward which we are moving." "There would be," he wrote bitterly, "no roll call in Congress on this all important issue." "Never," quoth he, "will Congress vote for or against what Professor Tugwell calls a 'Workers' World.'" On the contrary, it will be put over by "some twenty or thirty young radicals, some of them having important k. p. in the g. [the abbreviations are ours], typified and quietly led by Professor Tugwell."

On December 18 Mr. Sullivan lamented that "Foes of New Social Order Lack Leaders to Combat Radicals. . . . American System Gradually Is Being Displaced with Little or No Protest." On December 20 hope sprang. "Mark Sullivan Thinks President Will Disappoint his 'State Socialism' Clique by Checking Drift Away from Fundamental American System." Hope soon faded, however, for on December 22 "NRA Radicals Are Suspected of Attempting Social Sabotage. Mark Sullivan Says More Conservative Colleagues See Signs of Boring from Within."

While Mr. Tugwell was boring from within Mr. Sullivan continued to be even more boring from without. On Sunday, December 24, for the benefit of those who had just flown in from the North Pole or had not seen his correspondence the Sunday before, Mr. Sullivan once more recapitulated in two and a half columns the whole desperate situation. "Mr. Tugwell," he said, "as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture . . . occupies a position in what the technique of revolution calls the 'key places' of government. . . . Critics and opponents of this radical group . . . feel that the group is moving quietly and gradually, adroitly and with much tactical skill, to bring about in America, with a minimum of public attention, a change which would introduce into America a social order which would be about the opposite of what we have always had."

It was on December 28, however, that he reached the heights, when he urged Mr. Roosevelt to "concentrate on recovery, shelve reforms." We had had the impression, which we were sure the President shared, that his "reforms" were somehow supposed to have something to do with bringing about "recovery." If they were not, the fact has certainly been lacking in public notice, and we are grateful to Mr. Sullivan for bringing it gradually and quietly, adroitly and with much tactical skill, to our attention. Meanwhile we are able to offer a grain of comfort to one who obviously prefers his revolutions fast and loud. According to everything we have heard and read, it has always been extremely difficult if not impossible to keep a revolution secret for any length of time.

A Sea Tradition

WHILE pushing her way through the Mediterranean the other day the American Export Line's steamship Exarch bumped into the island of Cyprus. The ship was not seriously damaged and no lives were lost, but the captain shot himself. The tradition of the sea, say some by way of explanation. But there is no such tradition. When a captain's ship goes down through his own negligence, there is an unwritten code which dictates that he should go with it. Also when a captain loses a ship, even through no fault of his own, the owners often will not give him another billet, in which case it may seem better to him to end his life. But a trivial or even pretty serious accident may happen to a ship, and if the skipper is held blameless he will be continued in command. The cabled details of the stranding of the Exarch are too meager to explain her captain's action. Undoubtedly there was more behind it than the dispatches told.

But even in its generally accepted form the code in regard to a captain and his ship is a hard one, much harder than that applying to other men in equally responsible positions. A doctor whose patient dies through careless treatment does not jump out of the hospital window. A lawyer who bungles a murder defense and whose client is condemned to death is not by tradition required to hang himself. Steamship executives ashore do not observe any code so rigid as that applying to their captains. They can mismanage their companies, causing hundreds of employees to lose their livelihood and hundreds of stockholders to lose their savings. Yet public opinion does not demand that they take cyanide of potassium. Lord Kylsant ruined the great Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, but tradition did not compel him to jump off the dock. He hung around until he was sentenced to jail by an unsympathetic court.

Maybe it would be a good idea if our business ethics were stiffened by the development of a code which decreed that whenever a railroad went into a receivership, a manufacturing company was declared bankrupt, or a bank closed its doors, the president should repair to his speakeasy and order a goblet of hemlock. Of course someone may retort that presidents in such circumstances have followed practically that course. Some have, but they have always been the wrong ones. They have been either highly conscientious, strictly honest men who were overcome by remorse, or else executives who had lost their fortunes with the business and felt there was nothing more to live for. Our cities are full of discredited business officials who, having lined their pockets out of other peoples' losses, not only fail to end their lives but stand around licking their chops waiting for a new bunch of suckers to come their way. They never even miss a lunch.

We doubt if the code in regard to a captain and his ship serves any good purpose. It seems to be a survival of an antiquated conception of ethics or discipline long outmoded in other walks of life. Sailors commonly regard the tradition as unjust. It is the general public which thoughtlessly upholds it by cheering whenever it is observed. Doubtless it will go the way of other superstitions in time, but we are not sanguine of early reform. It may last as long as lynching, capital punishment, or war.

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Issues and Men

The Senate Progressives' Dilemma

WHATEVER fears any of us may have about bimetallism at 16 to 1 or a printing-press inflation destructive to almost every class in the community, the reconvening of Congress is neither to be regretted nor dreaded. In the first place, we are still a democracy, and despite the grant of dictatorial powers to the President, the Congress yet remains the final seat of authority. It is still a debating body, if it chooses to be, and whenever it assembles, additional light is sure to be cast upon economic and social problems. The Senate especially remains an open forum—the only political body in the United States in which there can be full, free, and unlimited discussion of public questions. Moreover, the assembly of Congress compelled Mr. Roosevelt to report on the state of the Union and to show his hand on various policies. Perhaps he may yet do away with the financial uncertainty which is widely heralded as responsible for the lack of return of complete confidence. It is plain that this Congress is not going to give the President any trouble, unless it be in respect to his currency policies and inflation.

Unfortunately, Republican opposition is extremely weak. Never before has the party been so impotent. It is without a single man in the Congress who can lay claim to being a leader of statesman-like stature. There are scarcely more than 100 regular Republicans in the House and only 27 in the Senate. Their present leadership is beneath contempt. The *Saturday Evening Post* is justified in despairing of the rehabilitation of a party which has fallen into the hands of such a group as Messrs. Snell, Bolton, and Bacon in the House, McNary in the Senate, Ogden L. Mills, and Everett Sanders, chairman of the National Committee, who is bitterly disliked by many persons and in addition represents the defeated Hoover leadership. The names of none of these men mean anything to the American people. They connote no policy, no definite program. These men wish to put Humpty-Dumpty back on the wall again, that is all. They take counsel of Herbert Hoover of all men, who is hopelessly buried but does not know it. Nor is the regular party leadership on the Democratic side very much better, which is a regrettable fact for Mr. Roosevelt himself. Every President needs skilful and aggressive opposition—and criticism from his own side. No one will pretend that the Democratic leaders will be able to offer any more constructive ideas on how to bring the country back to "normalcy" than can Mr. Roosevelt. As I have said, if there is to be any mutiny it will come, as everybody can see, from the inflationists and silver Congressmen and Senators, who have behind them a large body of constituents frightened nearly to death by the existing situation and wild to get rid of their debts by means of any nostrum.

But what of the Progressive Senators? In the past they have shown the best leadership in the Senate and they offered the only real opposition in the days of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. What stand will they take? Some of them, like Senator La Follette, are in an extremely difficult position. For some time past it has seemed plain that they could not much longer remain in the Republican Party and retain their hold upon their supporters. In the first place, the gap between their views and those of their ostensible party has steadily widened. In the second place, several of them openly came out for the election of President Roosevelt. In the third place, local conditions have made it necessary for them to state definitely under which flag they propose to operate hereafter, with the result that several of them are considering setting up an entirely new standard, precisely as the first Senator La Follette created a party of his own during the 1924 campaign. The situation has become compelling for Senator Johnson and the present Senator La Follette because both are candidates for reelection this year, and they will naturally have to let the voters in their States know exactly where they stand. Their situation is further complicated by the fact that both have profited in the past by Democratic votes. While the Democratic State administration in Wisconsin is a complete failure, the present temper of the voters there is such that they would stand by the President overwhelmingly. Should La Follette run as third-party candidate he might, however, lure both Democrats and Republicans to vote for him, especially if, while avowing friendliness to the President, he stood on a more radical platform than that of Mr. Roosevelt himself. He has been under a disadvantage for a long time in running as a member of a party with which he is utterly out of sympathy. Should he not now cut loose from this body of death?

Already the *Herald Tribune* has reported that a conference recently took place in Chicago which was attended by Senators La Follette, Shipstead, Nye, and Fraser, with a view to forming an active independent block in the present session. Of course neither Senators Borah nor Norris will go along with this, though the latter will be completely sympathetic. I should think that Senator Bone of Washington, Senator Costigan of Colorado, and Senator Johnson would be extremely sympathetic to such a move, and one might easily prophesy that if these men make a good start and have a clear-cut program to offer, still other recruits will join them. Such a block would be able to exercise even more influence than in the past if they decided to cut loose from both the old parties and to demand the long overdue political realignment. The Middle West and Northwest are more than ready for a new party. Much, it is true, will hinge upon its objectives. To state that it will guarantee a job, a living wage, and independence for the farmer will not be enough; there must be more specific proposals. And there the rub comes. The multiplicity of issues makes agreement extraordinarily difficult. But as has been said, if the Progressives decide to go on the rampage they can exert considerable power and perhaps even head President Roosevelt farther to the left.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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German Writers Say "Yes"

By HERBERT SOLOW

FOR intellectuals to be acceptable to the Hitler regime they must worship or be silent. To literary men who have for some years expressed admiration for National Socialism, this presents few difficulties. Many German writers, however, before Hitler's rise to power, expressed concretely or in a general way their devotion to democracy, socialism, or pacifism and their intention of combating principles which they regarded as a blight on human culture. How has this type of writer stood up through a year of "coordination"?

First of all, there is the case of Gerhart Hauptmann. The author of that famous drama of social rebellion "The Weavers" praised and accepted honor from Friedrich Ebert, first President of the Weimar republic. He was a warm friend of such men as Paul Löbe, Social-Democratic president of the Reichstag on the eve of Hitler's coup, who after a course in rock-crushing in a concentration camp is now an inmate of a Nazi dungeon. As the months of Hitler barbarism rolled by, many were shocked that Hauptmann uttered no protest or reproach, not even when his close friends were jailed, beaten, and exiled. On November 11 the exiled Alfred Kerr, Germany's leading dramatic critic, who did more to build Hauptmann's international reputation than any other individual, gave voice to his bitter resentment. The following extracts give the gist of Kerr's piece, which was published, on the eve of the German elections, in the *Deutsche Freiheit*, a Socialist daily of Saarbrücken:

> Since yesterday there is nothing in common between him and me, neither in life nor in death. I do not know this coward. May thorns grow under his feet and may the consciousness of shame choke him at every breath. Hauptmann, Gerhart, has lost his honor. . . . Not only has he found no word of condemnation for these most barbarous of barbarians. He does not wish to risk his economic status. So he has not simply ducked: he fawns . . . With the respect he universally enjoys he could have dealt a blow to the reputation of these murderers, slaves, hangmen, liars, violators of every law, who hunt down before his eyes his own weaver folk and men whose sole crime is their birth. . . . Out of fright, out of desire for gain, out of sordid weakness, he used his last ounce of strength to hoist the Hakenkreuz rag on his dwelling. . . . Hauptmann has deserted to the enemy.

On the same day there appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt* an article from Hauptmann's pen entitled "Ich Sage Ja" ("I Say Yes"). Hailing Germany's bolt from the League of Nations as a step toward peace, he indorsed all the details of Hitler's foreign policy and urged national support of the Chancellor and his program.

Hauptmann is, however, not alone in abandoning opposition to Hitlerism. This distinguished literary figure has distinguished company.

Of the many new magazines established by exiles, the least political and the least aggressive in fighting Hitlerism is *Die Sammlung*. Published in Amsterdam by the Querido Verlag, this monthly is edited by Klaus Mann, the son of Thomas Mann, and is sponsored by André Gide, Aldous Huxley, and Heinrich Mann. Its contents are largely belles-lettres, and compared with those of, say, the *Neue Deutsche Blätter*, which is also largely literary in its interests, they have a somewhat academic tone. The first issue contained verse, two stories, a piece on the theater, and a personal essay by Jakob Wassermann. In addition, there was an essay by Heinrich Mann called Moral Education Through the German Upheaval, and a discussion of Jewish mass settlement and national minorities. The three subsequent issues contained stories and verse by Franz Kafka, Elsa Lasker-Schüler, Lion Feuchtwanger, André Gide, A. M. Frey, Max Herrmann, and other distinguished representatives of literary currents which thrived under the Weimar republic. There were pages from Aldous Huxley's new Central American notebook, an essay on music by H. E. Jacob, an essay by André Maurois on Proust and Ruskin, a study of Gide by Ilya Ehrenbourg, and a piece on Hölderlin by J. Sorel. On the more political side there were articles by Klaus and Heinrich Mann (hardly politicians!), some deploring of extremism in general by the semi-mystical Max Brod, and—high point of radicalism—a piece by Ernst Toller. The last-named was the one pro-Communist contributor in four issues; his piece was childhood memoirs! And there you have *Die Sammlung*.

No wonder some people were surprised when, on October 10, the "semi-official" Leipzig *Börsenblatt für den deutschen Buchhandel* published a communiqué of the Reichsstelle zur Förderung des deutschen Schriftentums (National Bureau for the Advancement of German Literature) which charged the *Sammlung* with inciting war against Germany, labeled all collaborators "intellectual traitors to the fatherland," and ordered German publishers to bring out no more works by such authors. Among those surprised was Alfred Döblin, who had written the article on Jewish mass settlement. Known chiefly as the author of "Alexanderplatz," "the last word in expressionism," Döblin is also author of a volume of essays urging intellectual youth to abandon pure aestheticism and enter the struggle on behalf of justice, progress, peace, and culture. On learning of the Reichsstelle's condemnation through S. Fischer (the Jewish-owned publishing house which has published a book dedicated to Göring "mit Sieg-Heil"), Döblin wired from abroad as follows: "Disavow all literary and political connection with editor of magazine *Sammlung*. Request you publish this quickly in suitable manner. Orientation of magazine was unknown to me."

Among the other collaborators announced by the *Sammlung* was René Schickele, an Alsatian whose regionalism produced not only charming genre tales, but also an anti-militarist slant aiming at a Franco-German rapprochement which might save his beloved province from further carnage. His reply to the pressure of the government which frankly proposes not only the reconquest of Alsace but a general war was this wire to Fischer: "Sadly surprised by political character of *Sammlung* since my occasional collaboration had in view only purely literary journal. . . . Henceforth will strictly steer clear of such things."

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Another collaborator who had been announced was Thomas Mann, who, as father of the editor and brother of one of the sponsors, could hardly have been completely in the dark as to the journal's intentions. This is the writer who only last year at a Goethe memorial meeting in Vienna praised democracy and socialism, and whose every book voices the culture and aspirations of the Weimar republic which Hitler has drowned in blood. Threatened with National Socialist disfavor, he wired his publishers (Fischer again) as follows: "Can only affirm character first number *Sammlung* does not correspond to its original program." Thereupon he ordered his son to strike his name from the masthead. Criticized for this action by the Social-Democratic Vienna *Arbeiterzeitung,* Mann explained:

> As long as there was freedom of speech in Germany, I, as one who loved his fatherland and wanted to see it happy and respected, supported with all my might what I held desirable and right. . . . At this time, pure, positive, and creative art, serving the higher Germany, is nearer my nature than the polemical, and it is to this fact that my urgent wish as long as possible not to be cut off from my public in Germany is related. This is an idealistic interest which, as might easily be proved, has nothing to do with crass opportunism. Sincerely and demonstrably, this is not a matter of sales . . . but of opportunities for intellectual and artistic influence . . . my new book has just appeared in Germany. . . . I face the question whether I shall sacrifice the life of my creation, disappointing and abandoning those in Germany who heed my voice and have sympathetically waited years, especially for this new work . . . just for the sake of having my name on the list of contributors to a magazine.

These three eager defenders of culture were, however, not the first in the field. Stefan Zweig, heroic bard of a Jewish Renaissance and German pacifist spokesman for Romain Rolland, beat them to it. Even before the Reichsstelle could publish its condemnation of *Die Sammlung,* Zweig wrote his publisher (Insel) as follows:

> When the editor . . . addressed me I agreed to give him a fragment of my work in progress . . . after he assured me the paper would be . . . in no sense political in nature. I *never meant to collaborate regularly.* . . . I learn to my great surprise that it is not a question of a purely literary, but of a largely political organ. The express condition . . . has, then, been violated. I have already written the editor that I will not collaborate . . .

The publishers supplied copies of all these statements to the Reichsstelle. The *Börsenblatt* announced the retreat of the embattled idealists, and while expressly withholding its blessings soberly concluded that even the coordinated Reich might not find it essential to suppress all their works.

To these heroes who declined the only honor it is in the power of Hitler to confer—the title of traitor—one might add many more names. Let us take, for example, those of Walter Bloem, Otto Brues, Hanns Heinz Ewers, Max Halbe, Hanns Johst, Heinrich Loerke, Walter von Molo, Josef Ponten, Wilhelm von Scholz, and Eduard Stucken. In 1932 these writers signed a manifesto asking money to build Germany's first memorial to Heinrich Heine. Urging the payment of a debt "to the nation, to the art of poetry, and to the future," they also approved Heine's "attitude toward the traditional powers which he attacked and which hounded him into exile." About one year later there appeared under the auspices of the Reichsverband Deutscher Schriftsteller the following memorial to Adolf Hitler:

> Peace, work, honor, and freedom are the greatest goods of every nation and the conditions of honest international relations. A consciousness of our power and restored unity, our frank will to serve without reservation internal and external peace, and our determination to do nothing inconsistent with our or the fatherland's honor, move us in this crucial hour, Mr. Chancellor, to give you this solemn pledge of our most enduring fealty.

And among the eighty-eight names attached to this statement were all those admirers of Heine listed above.

Rudolf Binding, an eminent literary contributor to the old liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung,* has also come out with a violently chauvinistic attack on Romain Rolland and all who, because of Nazi book-burnings, racial discrimination, exilings and killings, fail to see that at last "a nation which had ceased to believe in itself has begun to believe, and this belief makes it beautiful."

This knuckling under to Hitler has not of course been unanimous, and I do not want anyone to ask "What else could the poor chaps do?" and go unanswered. Let me cite the case of Hermynia zur Mühlen, a moderately popular novelist of the Weimar period whose latest work has just been published in Switzerland. Not only did her publisher, Englehorn of Stuttgart, forward to her the boycott threat of the Reichsstelle, but he suggested that in breaking with the *Neue Deutsche Blätter*—collaboration in which was her crime—she would not lose honor but would fall into "the best of company," and cited the easy capitulation of Thomas Mann, Döblin, Schickele, and Stefan Zweig. Zur Mühlen's reply follows in part:

> Inasmuch as I do not share your view that the Third Reich is identical with Germany, or the "Leader" with the German people, I cannot reconcile either my convictions or my feelings of decency with following the unworthy example of the four gentlemen cited by you, who appear to be more concerned about being printed in that Third Reich in which they do not choose to live . . . than to remain true to their past and their convictions. Rather than enjoy this "best of company," I choose solidarity with those persecuted for their beliefs, incarcerated in concentration camps, or shot "while trying to escape." No better service can be done Germany or the German people than to fight this Third Reich, this atrocious nightmare come to life, and therefore this struggle cannot logically be called anti-German by anyone really close to the German people and German culture. . . . I request you to forward this letter to the editor of the *Börsenblatt* and to the Reichsstelle.

Zur Mühlen, ill and close to poverty, celebrated her fiftieth birthday a few days later; her present from Hitler was the news that the Stuttgart newspaper which was publishing a novel of hers had discontinued further instalments.

What does it all mean? There is not space here in which to discuss why Hauptmann, with his four villas, and Zweig, with his Salzburg estate and fat income from American best-sellers, have knuckled under, while Zur Mühlen stands firm. But one thing is clear: an overwhelming majority of writers known as "pure artists" or as friends of liberalism, democracy, pacifism have accepted "coordination." Though safe outside of Germany and enjoying relative ease and comfort, they jumped the minute Hitler cracked the whip in their direction.

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The Minister and the Depression

By HUBERT HERRING

THERE are some 150,000 ministers of organized religion in the United States. The direct and clearly traceable toll which the economic collapse has exacted of this substantial group can at best be guessed at. The Catholic clergy suffer no unemployment; it is part of the genius of the Roman church that it lifts its ministers out of the world of fret and care and sets them free to serve without thought of gain or loss. The Catholic clergy are, for the most part, poor—poor in days of depression, equally poor in days of prosperity. They are never without work. The Jewish clergy are also in a favored position. There is no guaranty of life positions, but the rabbinate is closely guarded, and applicants are subjected to a long and arduous training. As a result, there has been little overproduction of applicants and virtually no unemployment. Many rabbis have shared in the depression through suffering reductions in salary, but rabbinical salaries have been the highest among the clergy.

The burden of the depression has fallen most heavily upon ministers of the Protestant groups. The diversity and variety of these groups make this inevitable. The ministers of the denominations most highly centralized have suffered the least. The clergy of the Episcopal and the Methodist churches are, in theory at least, assured of positions, and while salaries may be cut or disappear altogether, there is the backing of a strong central hierarchy. The ministers of the more loosely organized denominations such as the Disciples of Christ, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians have suffered the most unemployment. The figures have not been compiled, but it seems clear that no fewer than 30,000 ministers of the Protestant faith are without employment. Of this number it is safe to say that fully one-third would normally be without posts.

For years there has been a definite increase in unemployment among ministers. The reasons for this are various. Home mission boards, intent upon establishing churches of their peculiar order in every village at a crossroads, have sounded the call for volunteers. Denominational colleges have used their programs to make it easy for boys to decide upon the ministry as a profession. Theological seminaries, equipped with disproportionate endowments, have virtually paid the way of men who have turned toward their halls. Thus encouraged, many ill-prepared men have been led into the ministry, and unemployment has been made inevitable. Furthermore, many men are shelved because of age. The Protestant churches are as ruthless in discarding men at fifty as ever was Henry Ford. There is nothing organized or deliberate about it, but young men are demanded by the churches, and men at the turn of middle age, unless they are conspicuously successful, find themselves supplanted by boys fresh from theological schools. There has thus been built up an actual and increasing surplus of ministers—a surplus augmented by forces released during the years of depression.

The decline of the farmer is one such force. The increase in tenantry spells death to the country church. The speeding up of the industrial machine is another. The Protestant church declines and dies in an industrial community—the exceptions are so rare as to prove the rule. Another force is the growing impatience with competitive denominationalism. Churches merge for greater economy and effectiveness, and fewer ministers are required. In thousands of villages and towns, two, three, or four churches have pooled their resources, organized a community church under one or another name, and dismissed one or two ministers from gainful employment. Furthermore, thousands of churches have been forced to give up altogether. Many of these existed only in name, but the depression has forced the cleaning up of the badly padded denominational rolls. Reductions in salaries are, of course, the rule. It is the rare church in which the minister's salary has not been cut from 10 to 25 per cent, and in many cases the cut has ranged from 25 to 100 per cent. Reports from different sections of the country, especially from farming and industrial centers, make bitter reading. Hundreds of ministers, probably several thousands, are living on in their parsonages, conducting their services, accepting from their neighbors any surplus of foodstuffs which can be spared, and receiving an occasional offering of money.

That the depression has levied a heavy economic toll upon the ministers is clear, but a more significant and interesting question is, What has the depression done to the thinking of the minister? What happens to the minister when revolution breaks out, disrupting traditional economic and social values, reducing one-third of the population of the country to actual want, evicting hundreds of thousands from their homes, sweeping away savings, and stripping from great sections of the population faith in the security of the economic system under which they have been reared? What happens to the minister whose church has been made the handmaiden of the capitalistic order when that order shows signs of crumbling and of disappearing altogether? What happens to the minister who believes devoutly in the religion he professes when the financial security of his employers shows definite intention of vanishing? There can be no blanket answer. Many things happen, and the responses which ministers make in these days of crisis divide them into fairly definite groups.

The first typical response is to fall back upon "the eternal verities." It is the traditional escape mechanism of the theologian. The definition of such verities is differentiated and determined by the discipline of creed and tradition. The phrasing will vary, but the intellectual and emotional mood of the orthodox Jew, the devout Catholic, and the conservative Protestant is the same. The orthodox rabbi will cite the Law, the conservative Protestant will talk about the "Rock of Ages," and the loyal Catholic will fall back upon the eternal Church, the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow. In each case it is a flight which is contemplated, a flight from this evil world and its brutal obstinacies. There is a call for the abdication of reason, for trust in those higher powers which are all, as we are nothing. Millions today find peace in this retreat from reality, and joyfully commit themselves to powers dimly felt and implicitly trusted. Their ministers find satisfaction in leading this retreat.

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There are other avenues of escape which have proved immensely satisfying to large numbers of ministers. One of the most fascinating of these, from the standpoint of the bystander, is that known as the Oxford movement, or more commonly as Buchmanism after its founder and high priest, one Frank Buchman. Buchmanism has been sweeping this country, Canada, and England. Its votaries carry its glad tidings all over the world. Emerson's dictum on the Church of England, that its cardinal tenet is "By taste are ye saved," applies with double force to Buchmanism. Its appeal is to the comfortable. Its "house parties" are always adorned with at least one Lady This or Lord That, at least one son of a rubber magnate or daughter of an oil king. The best people gather where the flag of Buchmanism is raised. There are neither intellectual difficulties nor social obligations in the Buchman scheme. Much is made of sin, of all the neat little sins, easily sorted and filed. The central obsession is sex. The "house parties" are gorgeous riots of confession. The instinct which compels drummers to swap their adventures in venery is sublimated, and the dapper youth home from college tells about the janitor's daughter, the supposedly sedate matron reveals that she is not so good as she should be. Over these Christian bacchanalia broods the explosively sunny presence of a leader—Buchman or one of his lieutenants—talking affectionately and endlessly about "absolute purity, honesty, unselfishness, and love." The simplest decision of the day—the choice of a cereal or the choice of a hat—is subject to "guidance." The Buchmanite bids his intellect a joyous farewell and leaves all to God. Of care for the plight of the victims of the most serious social revolution of modern times, there is not a trace.

Not all ministers take to their heels and seek escape. The depression years have stimulated solid thinking on the social applications of religion, and the churches are today showing more interest in the ordering of society than at any time in their history. The social emphasis is not new among the ministers. For many years there have been a few brave spirits who dared, in the name of religion, to protest against those who, in Edward A. Ross's phrase, "sinned by syndicate." These men have boldly sought to interpret their creeds in social terms. Today they are coming into their own, and under the compulsion of our social revolution their numbers are greatly augmenting.

This social movement has not been confined to the adherents of any one creed. In the Catholic church there has been for years a powerful and increasingly influential movement to stress social justice and to fight the stubborn forces of self-interest and undisciplined greed. The encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on "The Condition of Labor" and that of Pope Pius XI on "Reconstructing the Social Order" have proved powerful instruments in the hands of resolute priests bent upon making the church an effective agency for social rebuilding. The National Catholic Welfare Council has done much to prick the social conscience of Catholics. The work of Father John A. Ryan stands out as one of the most luminous chapters in American church history. The Jews have also done much. The inheritance of social passion has not been forgotten, and the uncompromising assaults of the Prophets of Israel upon predatory wealth are a living force among many of the rabbis of the present generation. The same influences are at work among the Protestant ministers. The Federal Council of Churches demonstrates this fact, and especially is it true of the younger men who are graduating from the theological seminaries. They view the task of the church in militantly social terms. They propose to use their ministry as an instrument for putting an end to an economic and social system which exalts property interests over human rights. It is no wonder that many of these recent graduates are finding their way blocked by the older "statesmen" of the church.

If one is asked to put one's finger on the single most significant effect of the depression upon the thinking of the Protestant ministry, the answer must be found in this increased determination to apply religion in social terms. It is significant that during the past five years, whenever ministers have met together, the one absorbing interest has been economic and social rebuilding. I have seen this time and again. The older emphases—missions, evangelism, church organization—are still maintained, but the younger men have lost interest in these things. They are asking, and with increased emphasis, what the church can do and intends to do on the vexed questions of war, uncontrolled economic banditry, the whole disorderly house of our modern civilization, and the penalties which it exacts in unemployment, insecurity, and misery. It is impossible to compute in neat statistics the strength of this movement within the Protestant churches. In some denominations there is almost none of it; in others it flourishes. I would venture the guess that at least 10 per cent of the ministers of the major Protestant denominations would agree in insisting that the chief job of the church is to work for a reordering of society. They would not agree as to the terms of the reordering, but the agreement upon the need is significant.

The other side of the picture is not so rosy. If it is true that the depression has increased the number of those ministers who are determined to use the church as an agency for social regeneration, it is equally true that the forces of conservatism are digging in all the more obstinately. The church, be it Catholic or Protestant or Jewish, has a vested interest in things as they are. There are endowments to be considered, there is much real estate, there are the gifts of the rich and the great. "The church is a going concern" was the way one church official put it to me not long ago. His meaning was plain, but there are a lot of men in the ministry today who are saying, "Yes, but whither goes the church?"

The depression has brought profound disillusionment to many ministers. They undertook their task with high hopes. They worked eagerly and faithfully. Then the war came, and upon the heels of the war the breakdown of our economic structure. They examined their faith and it seemed inadequate. It was all too simple. They still believe in the fundamental emphases of their faith. They are more than ever eager to do all that lies in their power, to use whatever ability they possess, to further a social order in which old tyrannies and injustices shall be done away with. They are questioning whether the church offers hope. This, too, is part of the mood of the depression. That it is real and widespread seems clear. The direct and personal economic toll is the least of the effects of the depression. The moral and spiritual results are the significant ones. It may be that out of it all may come a quite radically different church.

[*This is the thirteenth of a series of articles on the effect of the economic crisis on the professions.*]

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American Diplomacy in Cuba

By CARLETON BEALS

Havana, December 28

"THUS ends garage diplomacy," said a well-known Cuban to me when Sumner Welles, former Ambassador to a non-recognized government, left Havana by plane. One of Welles's numerous secret conferences at small hours of the night, by which he endeavored to force the Grau Government to abdicate in favor of a reactionary coalition, was reported to have been held in a garage. For three months tight-lipped austerity and blue-blooded superciliousness concealed the facts from the Cuban and American public, while hidden intrigue and inept meddling were producing disastrous results and making non-intervention merely a hypocritical pose. This has created an almost insoluble situation.

Throughout Welles's incumbency, as during that of former Ambassador Guggenheim, the fiction of "official" and "non-official" diplomatic activities was maintained. There is and can be no such division of the activities of a diplomatic representative. It was impossible for Welles to divest himself at will of the authority of his position and to act as a simple citizen.

The general tenor of our official position is that we will recognize any provisional government—except this one—strong enough to maintain order if it represents the will of the people. The assumption, of course, is that the State Department is fully qualified to determine what government in Cuba represents the will of the people—an interventionist attitude not one whit different from the traditional non-recognition coercion of previous Washington administrations. Welles not only proceeded on the theory that the Grau Government did not fulfil this criterion, but he actively tried to fabricate one which he felt would do so. In reality he sought not to satisfy the desires of the Cuban people at all, but to create a government subservient to Washington; he was attempting to forge a reactionary bloc to confound the present government and crush all the Cuban aspirations. He was repeating all the wearisome blunders of our support of Díaz in Nicaragua, of our 1910-24 Mexican relations.

In this revolutionary moment in Cuba no means exist of determining just what is the will of the Cuban people, whose wishes have not been fully consulted for centuries, and not even partially consulted since 1924. The existing political groups function in an atmosphere of intrigue without benefit of elections, and of cunning catering to American interests. The instrumentalities for determining the popular will do not exist and for the moment cannot be created. The popular will, at least as nearly as I can determine it, is far more radical than the present government and would result in a Negro-mulatto government. Two things appear self-evident: first, the Cubans are united in their desire to purge the republic of all possible Machado elements and do not wish the return to power of the other old-line political groups and personalities which Welles was sponsoring; second, no political faction represents a popular majority. Cuba must, therefore, be governed by a coalition or a faction.

Welles decided for a coalition, although a coalition, given the non-representative character of existing political groups, is an impossibility. Moreover, he sought to set up a reactionary united front of the most vicious sort. Ever since the fall of the De Céspedes Government, which he brought into being by promoting army treachery, Welles has been actively hostile to the Grau Government; he has consorted with all the enemies of that government, particularly with the A. B. C. terrorist group, then and since so busy exploding bombs and sniping from roof tops in Havana. Not only was the De Céspedes Government an attempt to offset a revolution which would really represent the will of the Cuban people, not only did Welles attempt to reinstate reactionary elements, but later he sought to encourage further military treachery by encouraging the army elements within the Grau Government itself to bring about its destruction—actions not entirely contradictory.

I hold no brief for the present regime in Cuba; on the other hand, a new coup under Welles's leadership could only have led to bitter and fruitless civil war. Coalition government has never worked for any length of time in any revolutionary crisis. Even in the United States, where wide conflicts of ruling ideology do not exist, would it not be absurd to demand that Roosevelt and Farley abdicate, that Al Smith be appointed President with a Cabinet including such names as Hoover, Mellon, O'Brien, Jimmy Walker, Rolph, and John Dewey? This is approximately what Welles was demanding of Cuba—with the weight of a great nation behind him and with that peculiar self-assurance of purple-veined career diplomats.

Why did he assume that all the conspiring pseudo-aristocratic job-hunters of the white Creole Vedado suburb of Havana were representative of Cuba as a whole? Upon what revolutionary precedent did he base his contention that Cuba would be best served by a hybrid coalition of discredited politicians, the present student-army faction, the Nationalists, the A. B. C. bomb-throwers, and others? Why did he exclude from his program all the powerful labor elements, the Anti-Imperialist League, the Communist Party? Why a coalition? And if a coalition, why not a complete coalition?

The error persisted in by Welles and the State Department with reference to Cuba, even when its nature had become apparent, was the failure to realize that the overthrow of Machado represented a definite revolution, however hard Welles tried to direct events into a traditional army coup masked in polite legal formulas. Revolutions cannot be confined within such weak dikes. The ease with which Welles brought about Machado's elimination concealed the explosive forces involved. However achieved, the dictator's downfall, after thirty years of misrule and the accumulation of terrible economic injustices, constituted a revolution of great import which, even though it was artfully disguised in legal niceties, was brought about by force. But the efforts of the embattled revolutionary groups, of the general strike, were sidetracked, even while they were being utilized, by the United States government when our Embassy abetted the betrayal of Machado by army officers. Welles, seeking strength, not justice or satisfaction of the popular will, wished to have General

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Herrera, Machado's loyal companion in the assassination of a people, assume the presidency, and only reluctantly abandoned this impossible solution. His puppet De Céspedes Government represented a queer alliance of the Machado officer caste, the American Ambassador, the various old-line political parties, and several secret revolutionary organizations already in the process of dissolution. De Céspedes himself was an amiable old gentleman who had served Machado faithfully, but he lacked the energy and understanding to comprehend the crisis involved. In fact, not the most powerful personality in the world could have ruled Cuba with such contradictory elements, especially when the main objective was to salvage as much as possible of the iniquitous Machado regime.

In most matters the administrative center of the De Céspedes Government was the American Embassy. There the various political factions resorted for instructions; there were agreed upon various important political appointments which suited Welles's fancy. Even so, the nondescript De Céspedes regime, against Welles's wishes, was obliged to abandon in part the judicial system built up by Machado to sustain his power, to abolish the Machado constitutional changes of 1928, and to dissolve the Machado congress by executive decree.

Three army plots were in process. The reactionary Menocal element was getting the upper hand by winning over the Machado officers. The A. B. C., part of the De Céspedes government, was losing its grip on the rank and file and was courting the younger officers. The left-wing of the students' directorate (all the students refused to accept the original Welles mediation and none were part of the government) was propagandizing the rank and file, and a secret organization controlled by Sergeant Fulgencio Batista, ex-member of the A. B. C., was gaining ground. In addition strikes were continuing, and the workers everywhere were seizing mines, factories, and sugar estates.

Twenty-two days after the formation of the De Céspedes Government, was losing its grip on the rank and file of Sergio Carbó, made its revolution, partly out of fear of communism and threatened pay cuts, although the movement was disguised as a protest against inadequate bathing facilities and other minor matters. The officers were arrested or sent home. Not a drop of blood was spilled. The right wing of the students jumped into the breach, swung Batista away from left-wing elements, and hastened to form a semblance of government, an executive commission of five with a nationalistic program—Cuba's shower-bath government. Eventually Grau San Martín was made dummy President.

This was an inevitable outcome of the type of government set up by Welles. If the officers could oust the evil Machado, then the sergeants were justified in ousting the evil officers of Machado. The new government, which had a certain moral sturdiness because the student group had refused to accept the first Welles intervention, made the most of this by immediately exaggerating its anti-Americanism, a stand strengthened by the arrival of thirty American war vessels in Cuban waters. This display of force aroused the populace to a frenzy of hatred for the United States. In the dead of night the side of one cruiser was daubed with huge letters, "Down with American Imperialism."

Welles could hardly be expected to like the new government. His magic wand had swept Machado into oblivion, and he had set up an illegal government which looked legal. The press had showered him with praise. He had posed in close embrace with De Céspedes before the movie cameras. The Batista revolt snatched the too easily won laurels from his brow. Inevitably Welles became the chief conspirator against the new government. The enemies of the Grau-Batista regime, with the exception of labor and Communist elements, flocked to the Embassy and were received there with open arms and much advice. Secret diplomacy. Hectic late night sessions. All this feverish activity was disguised as "conciliation." But as one Cuban expressed it to me, "During the brief De Céspedes rule Welles was the real President; when the Grau-Batista revolution destroyed his power, he became the head of the opposition to the existing government."

Welles was particularly close to the A. B. C. group, who were thus encouraged to continue their terroristic tactics. The leaders of this group had become friendly with Welles during the rule of the De Céspedes Government and had hurried to throw overboard their principles and do Welles's bidding. During that twilight period Martinez Saenz, a National City Bank lawyer and Minister of the Treasury, in ten short days made a complete right-about-face, junking the previous A. B. C. program. Under De Céspedes the A. B. C. had tried to convert itself into an open political party. Instead of anonymous leadership unknown to the rank and file, it thereupon had to provide satisfactory leadership and to popularize it with its members and with the country. Those who jumped into open control turned out to be lawyers, bankers, and corporation agents with intimate connections with powerful American interests. Members of the Porra, Machado's secret strong-arm gang, also flocked to the A. B. C., seeking refuge from popular wrath by wrapping themselves in the false cloak of the revolution. The A. B. C. has since allied itself with the deposed Machado army officers and the corrupt ex-President Mario Menocal. It lost its moral leverage when it accepted Welles's intervention in setting up the puppet De Céspedes regime. One compromise led to another. The more honest members at once fled from the country. Even after it came partially into the open, the A. B. C. split into three factions, one of which went over to the Grau Government. The skeleton which remains, which is liberally supported from funds supplied by the Spanish merchants and some American business interests, is composed of the Creole reactionary types just described, plus Machado elements. In the Atarés revolt, the A. B. C. became bedfellow with some of the most notorious and corrupt Machado officials. But this was the group with which Welles dealt most intimately and which he wished to restore to power.

After Welles was indicated as *persona non grata* and he had returned briefly to Cuba to wind up his personal affairs, he plunged more actively and bitterly into the whirlpool of domestic politics. According to the Minister of Uruguay, who was seeking a formula not to overthrow the government but to get the various "outs" to cease overt opposition and accept normal participation in the elections for a proposed constitutional convention, Welles broke up the negotiations by insisting that they be completed before his departure and by influencing the A. B. C. and the Mariano Gómez faction abruptly to demand Grau's resignation and the removal of the army from Batista's control. Welles thereupon left Cuba with regrets that it had been impossible to carry out the American hopes of aiding Cuba—a sharp and unnecessary stab at the Grau Government.

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The last of the three parleys which Welles had with Grau dealt with the new light rate of 9.66 cents a kilowatt-hour (previous rate 17 cents, the highest in the world), which Welles demanded should be revised. According to the President (Welles refused to state what had been discussed), Welles at one point acidly remarked that it would be wise for Grau to remember that he, Welles, was an intimate friend of President Roosevelt.

The present regime is bitter; it accuses Welles of aiding the Machado army officers' resistance when they gathered around him in the Hotel Nacional. At the outset he arrogantly used the authority of his position and in person prevented the arrest of some of the officers, thus making dislodgment of them by semi-pacific means impossible. The government feels that if it had been obliged to occupy an American-owned hotel for its own purposes, Welles would have protested vehemently, but that he made not the slightest protest to the officers for thus seizing American property and converting it into a fortress for the overthrow of the government. Instead, he extended the extra-territoriality of the American Embassy to protect them.

With regard to the leaders of the subsequent tragic Atarés revolt by the A. B. C., army officers, and politicians, the government points out that Blas Hernández was a puppet of Antonio González de Mendoza of the American Sugar Refining Company, at whose home Welles had previously lived; that Ituralde visited the embassy two days prior to the revolt and emerged rubbing his hands and declaring to the press that the Cuban situation was now settled; that after the defeat of the rebels, Collazo was saved from arrest and the consequences of his acts by being placed aboard a P. and O. packet boat by the American battleship launch. Ituralde was one of the worst of all Machado cabinet officials, and is said to have provoked the first important Machado assassination. Collazo rose from the ranks to become the cacique of Matanzas province, a millionaire and a power in the land; he was also a notorious Machado politician. These were the elements with which the A. B. C. and Welles cooperated.

The present Grau Government is a romantic nationalistic affair without a definite program. But on the other hand it is the first government in Cuba's history of purely Cuban origin. Whether it will sustain itself, whether it is doomed in any case, I do not know, though it has been growing increasingly stronger. But Welles's attempt to instal reactionary and discredited elements in control of the Cuban government, his use of the embassy as a clubroom for the reunion of all the enemies of the government, his abetting of the terrorist A. B. C., which talked conciliation during the day and planted bombs during the night, have contributed to instability and armed revolt. Unwittingly Welles has been preparing the ground for a great, unorganized social upheaval in Cuba. His meddling has been very similar in character and purpose to that of Henry Lane Wilson during the Madero administration in Mexico after the revolution against Díaz. Wilson contributed greatly to the downfall of Madero and hence to his subsequent assassination, and he helped spill a river of blood across Mexico for a decade or more. The Cubans will not soon forgive Welles his meddling and his partisanship; he has sowed and reaped a fresh crop of hatred for the United States.

Youth Meets in Washington

By SELDEN RODMAN

THE Four Conventions. In Washington, with the old year closing and a portentous new one about to begin, four conferences of youth took place in a single week. I refer to the annual conventions of the National Student Federation, the League for Industrial Democracy, the National Student League, and the first attempt to bring all these youth organizations, as well as unattached groups, together in a "united front"—the National Conference of Students in Politics. The last originated with the so-called Clearing Board of Youth Associations, made up of the leaders of the principal youth organizations, including the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council, the International Student Service, the League of Nations Association, Young America, and the L. I. D. The National Student Federation was included in this group, but although its president was the first to propose a joint conference, its representatives withdrew early in the deliberations because they felt the program was taking on a too radical tinge. A few days before the conference took place they decided to participate in the final session. The Clearing Board met several times last summer and finally decided to hold a conference in Washington at the end of December. This conference, the leaders decided, was to be open to all students organized or unorganized. It was to allow free discussion of politics and impartial presentation of various political philosophies. The National Student League—the Communist group—was not represented at the outset, but leaders of all the other organizations, and particularly the representatives of the League for Industrial Democracy, agreed that in order to keep the conference open in the future to conservatives and radicals alike, no resolutions were to be passed and no legislation of any sort permitted. The N. S. L. was asked to take part but showed little interest until the time of the conference; it sent a representative to only one meeting of the executive board.

The "Conservatives." The National Student Federation of America, made up of the heads of the student governments in some two hundred colleges, held a five-day convention in the gilded ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel. Their conference, according to some observers, was captured by the Administration. They voted to set up NRA clubs on the campuses. They agreed to Secretary Roper's suggestion that several hundred students be sent to Washington each year at the government's expense to study the workings of "recovery." A motion that the federation go on record as opposed to mob violence was passed—but not unanimously. Motions urging unemployment insurance and elimination of the R. O. T. C. were defeated.

I discovered subsequently that there were progressive students, potential radicals, in the N. S. F. A. How, I won-

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dered, are these students, intelligent but politically unawake, going to react to the "united front."

The "Radicals." The National Student League and the League for Industrial Democracy held forth separately in the week preceding the "united front" conference. They picketed the White House with placards attacking imperialist warfare, urging disarmament, and demanding equal rights for Negroes and other racial minorities, and adopted programs including the above as well as planks directed against retrenchments in educational budgets and for an uncompromising struggle against the forces of militarism and fascism. They agreed to work together for their immediate objectives.

The First Maneuvers: Speeches. When the National Conference of Students in Politics met on the evening of December 29, a preponderance of its several hundred delegates came from the L. I. D. and the N. S. L. This was natural since their conferences took place in the same week. These two organizations immediately began to put their separately passed resolutions into practice; they cooperated. First they decided that there *would* be resolutions, that no conference could amount to anything unless its continuation committee had a minimum program. The conference then became a battleground of factions. Only Kenneth Holland of the International Student Service, chairman, and Miss Dorothy Shoemaker of the L. I. D. seemed to hold the convention of more immediate importance than group interests.

The first inning passed without serious casualties. Outside spokesmen of various political colors held the stage. Ex-Governor Sweet, Director of Education in the NRA, gave a somewhat trite presentation of the case for the Administration. Norman Thomas was an impressive figure and an effective speaker. It is not necessary for him to present new ideas or analyze old ones deeply, to make an audience take notice. He urged unity among the students but failed to point out how that unity was to be achieved.

Thomas Amlie, speaking for Young America, a new organization which proposes to abolish the profit system through an educational-functional organization, broke the ice with a dash of straight-faced Midwestern humor. He was the first to emphasize the fact that a modern highly industrialized state cannot be taken over or operated by the workers alone. The job requires experts and a trained personnel.

Round tables, in which the students expressed their views on a variety of subjects, took up most of the next day. There was a growing fever of lobbying, proselytizing, and committee meetings. A program similar to those adopted by the N. S. L. and the L. I. D. was up for the consideration of the executive committee. The leaders of about half the organizations taking part in the conference opposed the program, some because it was a typical radical "front" program which meant little, but most because they felt that its adoption for the future would destroy the agreed purpose of the conference. The question: "Shall we have a program at all?" was put before the house. The L. I. D. and N. S. L. delegates voted for it in a block and the question was answered affirmatively. The executive committee was instructed to draw up a program based on the proposals already made. They were instructed likewise to have it read at the final session. It was not to be put to a vote.

The "United Front." As the convention drew to its close, the tension and bitterness ran high. The word "fascist" was being slung right and left. The last speaker on the program was Reinhold Niebuhr. He approached the microphone, but before he could open his mouth a leader of the N. S. L. jumped to his feet and shouted that the program about to be submitted amounted to nothing because it did not specifically support the American League Against War and Fascism. The cautious N. S. F. A. was attending this last session, and one of the reasons the program did not include mention of the fine work of the league was because it is well known that the league was inspired by the Communist Party, and it was thought that this would antagonize an organization which is only demanding "reasonable change."

Niebuhr's speech was far and away the outstanding one of the convention. In his analysis of fascism he pointed out that the middle classes in Germany were partly responsible for the rise of Hitlerism, but that the frontal attack and doctrinaire policy of the Communists made its triumph inevitable. He urged the Communists in this country to be more realistic, to abandon the appalling vindictiveness which makes the *Daily Worker* so unreadable and unconvincing. It was an inspiring sight to see the powerful mind of this man struggling with itself, struggling against pessimism, against the catastrophic view which is so easy, pleading with his audience to remember the eternal cultural values but to forsake Walter Lippmann liberalism in a time which demands uncompromising integrity and revolutionary change.

The audience was visibly stirred. The delegates had almost forgotten their factionalism and hatred by the time he stopped speaking. The continuation plan was read with its program—the program drawn up by the combined efforts of the Socialist and Communist groups. Opposition to the program had pretty well died out by then. Suddenly the leader of the N. S. L. jumped to the platform, interrupting the concluding words of the chairman, and announced to the astounded and by this time thoroughly aroused conference that the program had been emasculated, that the League Against War and Fascism had been excluded contrary to the will of the delegates, and that their meeting in Washington accordingly signified nothing. Part of the audience moved toward the door, others booed, hissed, and demanded that the heckler descend from the platform. From the rear came a significant cry: "Tar and feather the agitator!"

So ended the first "united front" of the students. What had been accomplished?

By adopting a radical "front" program for the continuation of the conference, the chance of bringing in further conservative groups and influencing them has been eliminated. A pledge to the groups already cooperating has been broken, and all, including the L. I. D., have been alienated by the individualistic tactics of the N. S. L. leaders. It is not a little alarming that the Communist groups now seem willing to leave the unenlightened and conservative students to the seduction of that fascism which they are trying so hysterically to stop. It is so much easier to call them potential fascists in advance and be done with it. And there is a good reason for this. The orthodox Marxist romanticizes the industrial worker and fails to understand the psychological prejudices of the average American from any class. The strange terminology and sentimental internationalism, the rigid adherence to doctrines no longer fresh or modified realistically to fit modern conditions, make it impossible for them either to appeal to the reason of new human material or to fire the imagination.

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Big News Comes to Russia

By MILLY BENNETT

Moscow, December 21

TO the average Muscovite, that Utopian strand of skyscrapers, soda stands, Lincolns, jazz, hornrims, and Mary Pickfords that is the United States of America moved a few notches nearer on November 18 when he pulled his damp and slightly frozen *Izvestia* out of the mail-box and found four columns—two columns for each—of Litvinov and Roosevelt staring up at him from page 1.

There can be no question that news of recognition, coming to Moscow on that snowbound, blizzardy November day, with the thermometer flirting seriously with sixteen below, found the 200-odd Americans in town "excited" and the 3,000,000-odd Russians "surprised and pleased."

It was an exuberant American, one A. A. Johnson, statistical expert from Springfield, Massachusetts, who proposed a mass demonstration of Moscow's American colony down the Ulitsa Gorki "led by the thirty-four-by-sixty-inch solid-silk American flag that I brought from home for the very purpose." "The Russians would love us for it," he persisted, only slightly discouraged by the measured advice of more solemn souls.

Kings have come—there was Amanullah of Afghanistan, silken rugs run over the pavements to soften the way for his royal feet; Japanese planes have reconnoitered over Soviet territory; Bernard Shaw has roared "Tovarishchii" from the platform of Moscow's Hall of Columns; the French Herriot has been and gone; the Five-Year Plan has been accomplished in four; France has made friends, and Germany has rumbled about "freeing the Ukraine." Yet not one of these major political events, all given plenty of space in Soviet journals, has interested the average Russian so much as the new relations, the new friendship with the United States.

Beginning with the twenty-first of October, when all Moscow newspapers under a four-column headline announced the exchange of letters between President Roosevelt and President Kalinin, the front pages of these extremely circumspect and staid dailies, usually given over to production plans of steel mills, reports from blast furnaces, crises in transportation, drives for sowing and harvesting, have been occupied with every fascinating detail of the recognition negotiations, in story and picture. What the American press thought about recognition, with quotations from newspapers both well-known and obscure, how the Japanese reacted to it, what the world press wrote about it, all given front-page space along with the conversations at Washington. Pictures of the Soviet flag being raised over the New York hotel where Foreign Minister Litvinov put up, a "human interest" shot of President Kalinin broadcasting his historic message to America—"I am convinced that the joy which we feel on this occasion is shared all over the world by everybody to whom is dear the progress of humanity and peace among nations"—and in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* a lively group of American correspondents interviewing President Kalinin.

After recognition became a fact, *Tekhnika* and *Za Industrialzatsiu,* the daily organs of the Commissariat of Heavy Industry, each devoted a special edition to American technique, the song of praise to America's industrial and scientific development reaching its climax perhaps in an article from the director of the giant tractor plant at Chelyabinsk. After pointing out that the factory is modeled after American plants, he said that all the equipment would have been American as well if the Soviet could only have reached satisfactory terms with American manufacturers.

Within three days of the time that news of recognition reached Moscow a squad of "twenty-minute men" were marching on the town's universities, factories, and shops, delivering talks on the significance of the American-Soviet agreement. At the Communist University this is what the students heard:

> Recognition was forced on the United States by the economic crisis, by her need for new markets, and by the political situation and the role that Japan is assuming in the Far East. Both the Soviet Union and the United States strengthen their positions in the Far East by this friendly pact. This step on the part of the United States shows that the foreign policy of the Soviet Union has been correct in the past sixteen years, our policy of advocating international peace and disarmament and of refusing to discuss the debt question until diplomatic relations are established.

It is lunch hour on November 21 at the Seventh Moscow Printshop, called Spark of the Revolution. The big flat-bed and rotary presses are rolling out *Krasnaya Zvezda,* the Red Army daily; *Legkaya Industriya,* the light-industry newspaper; the Moscow *Daily News;* and the German daily, *Deutsche Zentralni Zeitung.* Linotype operators, printers, pressmen, stonemen are pouring out of the dining-room to where a short, stout fellow, forty or fifty years old, is talking about recognition. He is a representative from the district committee of the Communist Party. He is saying: "America, the leading capitalist country, thought that the Soviets were a temporary affair, that they could get along without the Soviet Union." He gets around to the crisis: "America's need for something, anything which might promote better conditions. The psychological effect upon Japan's firebrands . . . this solid friendship between the Soviet Union and the United States . . ." The little fellow mops his brow, gulps a glass of hot tea, and goes on his way to another speech.

A brigade of inquiring reporters from *Komsomolskaya Pravda* has been besieging American doorbells with such pertinent questions as "How do you like living in Moscow?" and "What prospects does recognition open for the United States?" To the serious little girl reporter, surely not more than sixteen, who put the questions to me, I countered: "But you tell me. What does the Russian mujik think about recognition?" Her young face did not change expression as she said: "Our labor is bearing fruit. Even America must recognize it."

Soyuzfoto, the enterprising All-Union Photograph Company, is busy snapping pictures of well-known Americans around town, to be issued in a series called "Moscow Yankees." *Izvestia* accepts the challenge of the Mayor of Jersey City, urges Soviet children to enter into competition with

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American youngsters for the best composition on the subject of the significance of America's recognition of the Soviet Union. The literary weekly *Literaturnaya Gazeta* brings out a special American edition, featuring a leading article called Literature and the Class Struggle in the U. S. A., and carrying full-page discussions of the work of Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser, both great favorites with Russian readers.

The Foreign Office, a few days after the agreement was reached, tendered a big dinner to American correspondents which turned into a mutual-admiration meeting, and on December 4 the correspondents gave a farewell dinner to A. A. Troyanovski, who goes to Washington as the first Soviet Ambassador. Just to show their good-will, such important individuals as Krestinsky, Rosenholz, and Mezhlauk signified their willingness to attend, an unprecedented occurrence.

And Louis Fischer reports that when he tried to board a street-car the other day, what with the crowds in sheepskins and the ice-coated, snowy pavements, he found it well-nigh impossible to get on; he finally boarded the front end, the entrance reserved for children, cripples, the very old, pregnant women, members of the party, and militiamen, and was promptly challenged. "I'm an American," he said, producing his foreign correspondent's card. "An American? It's all right then," and the guard waved him along with a broad smile.

In the Driftway

"DEAR DRIFTER: You are a smart man and I want to ask you a question. I hear people talking about this thing leisure and I think I have it but I am not sure, so I want to ask your opinion." So a letter begins which arrived in the mail. Anyone who begins by calling the Drifter a "smart man" may, of course, ask all the questions that pop into his head. The Drifter will lend a sympathetic ear, though he does not promise a satisfactory answer. Answers are not much in the Drifter's line. He can sometimes supply an analysis, but what most people mean by an answer is a prescription. To give that one must usually be a quack. Anyhow, for the present the Drifter prefers to go on with the letter, which continues:

> I am a hod-carrier by trade, a workingman, that is, and therefore out of a job. If I do get work it is only for a short time, one or two days out of the week at most, so that I have a lot of time on my hands, but I didn't think I was fortunate until now I'm beginning to hear about leisure. My landlord comes to talk over the rent—he comes often to talk over the rent—says, "That's all right, look at the leisure you got. You got more leisure than I have. I'll be around to-morrow." When I go to buy a newspaper the candy-store man slaps me on the back, "Ah, there is a man of leisure." On the stoop Mrs. O'Reilly greets me, "Glory be to God, Snipkin! what'll ye be doin' with all yer laizure, at all at all?" So I'm beginning to think maybe I'm not so bad off after all, I got leisure.

* * * * *

THUS far this sounds like the life, but there is a little more to it than that. The Drifter's correspondent goes on to say that he has a wife and four children and that although he has a lot of leisure to give them, they have the contrariness to prefer potatoes, which are getting dearer. Besides that, winter has arrived and the wind whistles through the flat like a subway train. One child needs a pair of shoes and another is going around without a coat. All of them could do with some more vitamins.

> So all in all, Mr. Drifter, I'm thinking, if I have it and its a good thing, this leisure, maybe I could do something with it? Maybe you know of somebody who wants it? Maybe you could use a little yourself? I would sell it for cheap because I got a lot of it.

* * * * *

NOW that the Drifter has come to the end, he has decided that an answer is easy. He does not have to formulate one of his own. He need only pass out one already given by an eminent American, who is a college president and so, of course, must be right. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University said the other day that nobody could have leisure until he had work to guarantee him a livelihood. Without that, one lacked the tranquillity of mind essential to leisure. And the Drifter might add that it is necessary not only to have work but a sense of security in it in order to attain leisure. For leisure is in part at least a state of mind. The Drifter will make one other comment also. His correspondent will never have any leisure to give away. If sometime he gets the reality, as the Drifter hopes he may, he will sense that it is non-transferable, besides which he will not want to transfer it. As for the spurious leisure which the Drifter's correspondent has at the moment, he will not be able to give that away either—nobody wants it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Voices from the South

[The letters which we print below are only part of those we have received in answer to our question "Is this the voice of the South?" in *The Nation* for December 27. It will be seen that these eight correspondents are from six of the Southern States and that they express eight different shades of opinion, from blanket agreement with John Gould Fletcher to an almost complete agreement with *The Nation*. Other letters received expressed still other points of view, but space forbids their use.

Charles Finger writes from Fayetteville, Arkansas, that the voice of the South is a "sane voice"; that "Mr. Fletcher is in error. He reports . . . but the faint echo of a vanished past." Clara Mae Jessup, a Southerner now living in New York, although she personally does not agree with him, says Mr. Fletcher's letter is the voice of the South and "of the North also." She adds, "The fight is against an economic system in which race and sectional prejudice is a symptom rather than a cause." Douglas L. Hunt, a Northerner who has lived many years in Tennessee, sees much that is not only inevitable but sound in Mr. Fletcher's position, and he declares that this position "is not the voice of the entire South, but "of an important part of it," and that it "deserved slightly more understanding than you gave it." Eleanor Copenhaver, of Marion, Virginia, agrees with Mr. Fletcher in resenting "the habit of the North of pointing a superior finger at the South." But she too declares the issue to be one of class rather than of race. The correspondence as a whole indicates what was plain enough from the beginning,

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that no one thing is thought to be the cause of lynching, or its cure; that "Northern interference" is not universally resented in the South; that injustice to Negroes is not universally championed. In short, the lynching problem remains with us, with all its antecedents and its accompaniments, but very slowly progress in solving it is being made. The average number of lynchings over the last ten years is considerably less than over the years preceding. There are fewer lynchings than there used to be. Lynching, in and out of a courtroom, seems to most Northerners and to many Southerners a violation of the law to be unequivocally condemned. This is about all that can be said about the matter without risk of vituperative contradiction.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

From the Editor of the *News and Observer*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read with considerable interest and some little resentment the letter of John Gould Fletcher in which he undertakes to express the view of the South with regard to the Scottsboro cases as one of resentment against the North and of determination, as a result, to do what we please with the damn niggers. As the editor of a Southern newspaper and as a younger Southerner than Mr. Fletcher, I am perhaps guilty of sass to my elders in expressing the opinion that Mr. Fletcher's views are those of an educated Southerner of twenty-five years ago but not of today. Mr. Fletcher's views are held today by only a very small group of educated men in the South, and most of them formed their opinions a long time ago.

. . . Mr. Fletcher comes back into a South in which white men and Negroes have learned slowly that they are not master and slave but men, black and white, who share a common destiny. There are white lynchers and black rogues, but the South generally is populated by white and black men who realize the difficulties in the problem of their relationship. . . .

As one Southerner I refuse to accept Victoria Price as an emblem of Southern womanhood. I believe that women in the South will be made safe from the crime of rape and all other crimes in direct proportion to the quality of justice in our courts. The South has suffered because of both the harshness and the leniency of its courts toward the Negroes. We are the murder country because our courts have refused to regard "nigger killings" as serious matters. So far as I know there has never been any failure on the part of Southern courts to convict Negro degenerates guilty of crimes against white women. I hope there never will be. But if the womanhood of the South is sacred, it is too sacred to reduce it to the level of an Alabama prostitute who has tangled herself repeatedly in a maze of falsehood. . . .

I particularly resent Mr. Fletcher's protests against *The Nation's* position as if it were singular and Northern. *The Nation* has taken no more vigorous position in this matter than the *News and Observer* and numerous other Southern newspapers whose readers are Southerners who have learned out of long experience that the Negro is their neighbor and will continue to be. They wish him well. Certainly they wish him justice. For the Southerner knows what he so long refused to see: that the ignorance of the Negro, the exploitation of the Negro, injustice to the Negro result only in ignorance, poverty, and injustice for all.

Raleigh, N. C., January 3 JONATHAN DANIELS

From the Dean of Blue Mountain College

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Throughout his letter Mr. John Gould Fletcher voices the beliefs and feelings of the South with perfect fidelity, and nowhere more faithfully than when he says that we are determined to treat the Negro "as a race largely dependent upon us, and inferior to ours." In regard to the racial question we are realists; we treat the Negro as we find him, and that is how we find him. Upon that point all Southern white people, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, are in perfect accord. None doubts it, because the truth of it is incontestable. That you find that truth, or "position," as you prefer to call it, unendurable will strike them with astonishment, just as if you were to find it unendurable that Sunday follows Saturday or that two and two make four, but their conviction in the matter will in no wise be shaken. . . .

Now the South today is perfectly willing for the rest of the country to handle its Negro question as it sees fit. If the people of New York wish to eat and sleep with Negroes and to intermarry with them, the South does not care, and will send no agitators to combat practices that it regards with utter abhorrence. If the people of Chicago drive Negroes away from their bathing beaches with brickbats, the South has no feeling in the matter, unless it is a mild sympathy with the Negro for being a victim of Northern inconsistency. The people in the North told the Negro that he was their social equal. We in the South never did.

As best I can make out, the people in the North believe in the Negro as a race but dislike him as an individual. We in the South are consistently opposed to him as a race but like him as an individual. And it seems to me that the Negro is more likely to thrive where he is liked as an individual. Certain it is that the vast majority of the race, as Mr. Fletcher says, are living happy and contented lives in the South today. In spite of local occurrences, magnified by the press out of all proportion to their importance, the white people and the Negroes in the South are on very good terms, enduring each other's foibles and eccentricities with good-natured tolerance.

Is it too much to ask that our indifference toward the problems of the North be reciprocated? We are now convinced that the liquor question can best be handled by local option. Why not let us try local option on the Negro question?

GEORGE T. BUCKLEY

Blue Mountain, Miss., December 25

A Plea for Intelligent Understanding

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The letter from Mr. John Gould Fletcher—whose efforts as a poet I admire very much—and your answer to it with its implied request for statements of attitudes from Southerners prompt me to add my own note to what will probably be a swelling and discordant chorus.

It seems to me that there are a number of factors that are not properly emphasized when there is a discussion of lynching in the South. First of these is the relationship of the percentage of Negro population in various sections of the South to lynching. For example, Georgia, Louisiana, and Alabama have relatively large Negro populations and also a very bad record for taking the law into their own hands when meting out "justice" to the blacks. On the other hand, Virginia and North Carolina, States in which the whites outnumber the Negroes roughly two to one, have the best records on the subject in the whole South.

The second point is that those States which have the highest illiteracy rate both as to whites and as to Negroes, but particularly as to Negroes, also do most honor to the memory of Judge Lynch. Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, in the order named, have the largest percentage of illiterates of all classes in the South, and with the exception of South Carolina also have the worst records in lynching. (I

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hardly know how to account for the failure of South Carolina to fit into this scheme except that she just naturally won't "stay put.") These States also have an appallingly high rate of illiteracy among Negroes, Louisiana having 38 per cent according to the 1920 census figures. North Carolina and Virginia, however, have fewer illiterate Negroes than most Southern States.

Third, in general there are more lynchings in those States where the economic lot of the Negro is hardest, and fewer where he is more successful.

It would seem, then, that the most effective method of attack on the lynching menace would be an intensification of the effort to bring education to all groups in the South, and a redoubling of efforts to improve the economic status of the Negro.

Mr. Fletcher's objection to Northern interference with Southern problems and Southern justice is a natural and very human one. In emotional moments the South still resurrects and fights anew the Civil War—the irreconcilables still call it the "War between the States." I myself share Mr. Fletcher's antipathy toward the "I-am-better-than-thou" type of reformer, to which Mr. Leibowitz evidently belongs. However, despite my emotional resentment, my common sense and knowledge of human history tell me that outside pressure can be very effective in bringing about reforms, particularly if the outsiders have morality and justice on their side, as they most certainly have in the Scottsboro case. I believe that Mr. Leibowitz's methods have made it almost certain that the Scottsboro boys will be put to death, but in losing a skirmish he has, I think, won a battle. For after the resentments and emotions of the moment have been allowed to quiet down in Alabama and other sections of the South, it will be a long time before there is another "Scottsboro."

After all, the Negro problem in the South is almost purely an emotional one, having its roots partly in slavery but largely in the animosities and crimes of the 'Tragic Era." If the rest of the country could realize that very important fact, its sympathetic and intelligent criticism would be accepted with better grace down here.

Spartanburg, S. C., December 29 KENNETH D. COATES

The Negro Is a Southern Problem

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In regard to lynching, I very strongly feel that mob violence must be most heartily condemned by all right-thinking citizens no matter in what section of the country lynching may take place, or to what race the victim may belong. It seems to me that the slowness of court actions aggravates such demonstrations, but that is another matter.

I do not believe that the famous nine Negroes of the Scottsboro trial are guilty, or that even if they were guilty of raping Virginia Price and her companion they would merit the electric chair. However, I heartily agree with Mr. Fletcher in his statement that the Negro is a Southern problem which must be solved by the South alone. I believe much harm will be done by the agitation resulting from the Scottsboro trial, and perhaps many innocent Negroes may suffer injustice as a consequence. I also agree that the majority of the Southern Negroes are living normal and happy lives. . . . I feel that no Northerner can fully appreciate the Southern Negro problem without living in the South for a long period of years. The articles written by Northern authors on the Negro problem in the South often remind me of the European authors who come to the United States, spend six weeks, and forthwith publish a book telling us all that troubles us and exactly how to remedy our troubles.

As to the justice meted out by Southerners to the Negroes as a race and individually, I believe on the whole it is very good. Perhaps in a few thousand years we of the South, both white and Negro, will have reached a higher plane of civilization, and a different or better justice may be possible. But it must be remembered that 50 per cent of the population of many of the Southern States is Negro, and although as a whole this Negro population is not illiterate, it is very ignorant, and some of it is illiterate. With this large proportion of ignorant population the problem is much more complicated than if both races were equally civilized. It cannot be denied that at present the Negro race is inferior to the Southern white race. . . .

As for myself I was born and reared in the South, but lived four years in Boston. My wife, a Northerner, joins me in these sentiments.

Leesburg, Fla., December 29 JOHN W. WILSON

Race Prejudice Is Indefensible

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Deplorably, the voice of John Gould Fletcher is the voice of the South, but hardly recognizable as Mr. Fletcher's voice. Undoubtedly his words would be all but unanimously applauded in every Southern community, and that is justification enough for the existence of the International Labor Defense and the attitude of the editors of *The Nation*.

If Mr. Fletcher and the South were interested in the merits or demerits of the Scottsboro case, the interest of outsiders would be unnecessary. I too think the Scottsboro Negroes are innocent but that is beside the question. Whether guilty or innocent, as charged in the indictment, does Mr. Fletcher or any intelligent Southerner think that a white man could be convicted or even indicted on the testimony thus far presented against the Scottsboro Negroes? Call such discrimination race prejudice, social inequality, irregular legal procedure, or what you will, I challenge any member of the Southern bar to answer that question affirmatively.

Mr. Fletcher unwittingly indicted the South shamelessly when he warned that if the North did not stay out and quit interfering with our Southern brand of justice, we would, out of resentment, continue to lynch Negroes. If, as he charges, the intrusion of the North is good cause for lynching, why not lynch the real offenders, the Northerners?

It has been said repeatedly that delays in rendering justice are the cause of mob violence, but that is not the cause for lynching Negroes in the South. When there is ample evidence against a Negro, justice is always swift and sure. The real cause is prejudice of one kind or another, and race prejudice is indefensible whether it is aroused against unwelcome intruders from the North or against the Negroes as a race.

In the Scottsboro case, if it had not been for the intervention of outsiders, the Negroes, without benefit of counsel, would long ago have been legally executed. They may ultimately be executed, but thanks to Mr. Leibowitz and the unwelcome organizations that sent him to Alabama, the executions have been delayed long enough for the world to know that the Negroes were the victims of a rank and prejudiced miscarriage of justice; and the wide dissemination of the facts in the case may have educational value.

El Dorado, Ark., December 30 SILAS W. ROGERS

The Fletcher Explosion

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

That the attitude of John Gould Fletcher toward legal justice for the Negro in the South is still the Southern attitude is borne out by a recent inquiry made among the students in a prominent Southern university. Of ten students interviewed

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on the subject of lynching, all, with one exception, condoned the lynching of Negroes accused of raping white women. Only three opposed other varieties of lynching. Questioned as to the recent action of Governor Rolph of California, the students without exception agreed that the Governor was wrong; but only one thought him guilty of criminal offense. With one exception the students blamed the Governor for making an unwise political move, not for breaking the fundamental law of the land. And just here, I believe, is the root of the evil: nine out of ten are not concerned with the rightness or wrongness of the matter, but with whether or not it can be got away with. . . .

Back of the schools lie the conditions that produce this "anything is all right if you don't get caught" attitude. Baptist and Presbyterian predestination, possibly misunderstood, have contributed to the vapid Rotary-Kiwanis spirit of everything's all right, everybody's O. K. Out of such a background have come generations of men who have murdered niggers and justified themselves by the well-known "God made him so" argument. And such background, part and parcel of the majority thought, is difficult to alter. Though many of us in the South believe some slight progress is being made, we are constantly having our hopes shattered by such explosions as that of Fletcher and such expressions as those of the students here mentioned.

Gainesville, Fla., January 1 THOMAS B. STROUP

Northern Scolding Gets Nowhere

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your comment on the letter of John Gould Fletcher in *The Nation* of December 27 you say you would like to know how large a section of the South he represents. I was born and reared in the central part of North Carolina, a rural section of small farms; lived one year in the northeastern part of South Carolina, a land of plantations and small farms; and have been in Texas for more than forty years. I make yearly visits to North Carolina. I can speak with some degree of authority for the people in all three States.

It is my opinion that Mr. Fletcher is not in accord with many others in considering the conviction in the Scottsboro case a foregone conclusion. A traveling man who spent several days in Decatur a few weeks before the trial told me that he did not hear the case mentioned while he was there. All of us feel keenly the smart of Northern and communistic criticism and interference, but not many believe that the hostility excited by these things was the determining factor in the mind of every one of the twelve jurymen in reaching a verdict. Personally, basing my judgment on the printed evidence, I could not have brought in a verdict of guilty. But while I deeply regret it, my observation leads me to go farther than Mr. Fletcher and say that any man against whom a woman of whatever character swears rape has a mighty poor chance of escaping with his life. I judge this is true both in the North and in the South. . . .

There has always been a law-abiding majority in the South; I trust that it is growing in numbers continuously not only in the South but in the North as well. We believe, however, that you attribute any change for the better to the wrong cause: it has not been due to the carping, critical missionary work of hostile Northern papers; this has hindered rather than helped. It is evident that you do not understand human psychology if it has been your purpose to bring about a kindlier attitude of the Southern white toward the Negro. I am bold to assert that the great majority of Southern whites have all along been against lynching and have deplored any act of injustice to the Negro in court or out. . . .

The true Southerner wants to help the Negro; he is willing to give him work. The first time I ever heard the right of a Negro to work challenged, it was by a man from the North, and I have found this feeling rather generally shared by people from the North. . . .

We may be perverse, but there are some things in addition to those mentioned in Mr. Fletcher's letter that are settled, so far as the South is concerned. I will mention two: The Negro will never be treated as a social equal. The whites, even though they constitute a small minority, will not submit for long at a time to Negro rule in any county in the South.

Fort Worth, Tex., December 29 R. L. PASCHAL

Disgraceful Affairs

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I certainly do not agree with the attitude expressed by John Gould Fletcher in his letter printed in your issue of December 27. I have never believed that the Southern white man gains anything by keeping the Negro down. On the contrary, I am convinced that most of our excessively high criminal rates, our disease, our ignorance, and our poverty are directly attributable to preoccupation with keeping the Negro down. The chief result is that we have kept down both the white and the black man. This is proved by the hard facts of Southern life.

Mr. Fletcher's argument that radicals from the North are responsible for the miscarriage of justice in Scottsboro has a reminiscent sound in my ear. Interfering damyankees have been held the cause of most of the South's misfortunes; and, according to Mr. Fletcher, in such cases as that of Scottsboro it is absolutely necessary that Southern justice continue being perverted because outsiders are continuing their interference. I should like to have Mr. Fletcher's definition of an "outsider." I wonder if he is ignorant of the fact that every wife-beater regards his neighbors as interfering outsiders, that every gang of thieves and cutthroats regards the law-abiding citizen as an outsider? In the case of Scottsboro I am glad there are outsiders and I congratulate *The Nation* on the consistency with which it is outside such disgraceful affairs.

Like Mr. Fletcher I also am a Southerner by birth and upbringing. But if I were an Eskimo or Hottentot I hope I would have enough balance and sense of justice to repudiate utterly the attitude expressed by him.

Chapel Hill, N. C., December 27 W. T. COUCH

[*The article on the Pan-American Conference, by Samuel Guy Inman, which was announced for this issue will appear next week.*]

Contributors to This Issue

HERBERT SOLOW, after three years as assistant editor of the Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences, has returned to free-lance journalism.

HUBERT HERRING is secretary of the department of social relations of the Congregational Education Society.

CARLETON BEALS is author of "The Crime of Cuba."

SELDEN RODMAN is one of the editors of *Common Sense*.

MILLY BENNETT is a California newspaperwoman who has spent the last three years in Moscow.

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "Jonathan Gentry."

LOUIS M. HACKER, in collaboration with Benjamin B. Kendrick, is the author of "The United States Since 1865."

ARTHUR P. WHITAKER is professor of American History at Cornell University.

CAROLINE GORDON is the author of a novel about the South, "Penhally."

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Books, Drama, Films

Declamation

By WILLARD MAAS

warm channels of the bone
o rivers of my flesh
run swiftly
is love sweeter
under the summer-wet willow
swiftly
darkness to darkness
under the elm
under the elderberry
listen
music of a woman
where no woman is
love
somewhere is unfolding
love

Jakob Wassermann

ON January 1 Jakob Wassermann died in exile at Alt-Aussee in Upper Austria. He was sixty years old, and like most successful authors who live past middle age he must have been aware not only that his powers had declined but that time had already begun to detract something from the esteem in which his works were held. Even bitterer must have been the sense of defeat symbolized by his exile. In his poverty-stricken youth he had suffered from anti-Semitic feeling, and his sufferings, like those of many other German Jews, were made more acute by the fact that he could not be anti-German, that he felt himself part of the culture which rejected him.

For a time it seemed as though he had won, partially at least, the acceptance which he longed for. He had been a best-seller, and for a period—incredible as it may seem—he had been editor of *Simplizissimus*. Now his Germany was in the hands of men more unreasonable than any he had ever dreamed of, and he was hated most for his greatest virtues. He was certainly no Communist. All his life he had preached a kind of non-resistance. But besides being a Jew, he was farther from Nazism than a Communist can possibly be because he had the mystical faith of a Gandhi in the necessity and the all-sufficiency of purely spiritual force. Owing much to Russia, he owed it only to the Russia of before the revolution, and he was as plainly a countryman of Tolstoy as he was plainly not a countryman of Marx. When he was abruptly dropped from the Prussian Academy, it was not for being a revolutionary, but for being a man to whom all violence was abhorrent.

Of Wassermann's many books comparatively few have been translated into English or are generally known to American readers—including myself. The last to appear was "My Life as German and Jew" (merely a revision of a work published in Germany a dozen years ago), and none of the more recent ones attracted great attention. Indeed, Wassermann seemed like a man who had lost his way. The biographies of Stanley and of Christopher Columbus had something of the fantastic about them, for they seemed the work of a man who, in search of a symbol, had hit upon very unlucky ones. Stanley was a symbol of the spiritual pilgrim; Columbus was a Don Quixote whose thirst for gold was to be explained away by a comparison with the Don's interest in the treasures of the Emperor of Trebizonde. The contortions necessitated by such paradoxes made these books seem sometimes like a parody of the real Wassermann, and perhaps they prove that there was always a certain hysterical element in his creative writing. Nevertheless, any reader who attempts to judge him by these lesser works will do him a great injustice and fail entirely to understand why "The World's Illusion," "The Goose Man," and "Gold" seem as exciting as they did a dozen years ago.

These three novels—unquestionably his best—all obviously take their inspiration from Dostoevski, and all are really on the same Dostoevskian theme—salvation through suffering. Perhaps their moral was as fundamentally incomprehensible to most of his readers as it certainly is to many readers of Dostoevski, but Wassermann, like his master, had the power of communicating so vividly a sense of the fever of passion and of ambition that one did not need to agree with him in order to share his excitement. A realist only in the absurd sense that he did not deal with a prettified world, his novels were feverish phantasmagoria far more than they were pictures of actual life. Everything was magnified and intensified. His characters were titans of energy led through grandiose adventures by superhumanly intense passions. And then, having burned themselves out, these heroes renounced the world for the mystical ecstasy of abnegation. In "The World's Illusion" (first to be translated but not first to be written) Christian is a kind of Faust who passes through all the heights and depths of human experience; in "The Goose Man" the hero spends a lifetime in finding out what the Nürnberg statue really means; and in "Gold," perhaps the most ingeniously dramatic of the three, the false savior who appears to rescue a family from a miserly father unwillingly demonstrates that, bad as it is to love money for itself, to love it for what it can buy and do is even worse. Thus it was, at bottom, the will to power that Wassermann hated more than anything else and that plays the villain in all his novels.

Like Tolstoy and like the primitive Christian, Wassermann saw salvation as an individual matter. His heroes are not reformers but saints, and he found no hope for the world except through those who were willing to renounce it. Perhaps his growing incoherence was the result of the fact that mankind was becoming less and less capable of comprehending what he was trying to say, and his personal tragedy is only a part of the downfall of a whole faith. He is not likely to hold any very high place in a civilization which, however much it may be divided, seems to be pretty well agreed that what it needs most is organization, and which, therefore, is far more interested in what it can impose upon man from without than upon what he can discover within. Neither Wassermann nor the philosophy he stands for can count for much in a world which hopes to win peace through one more war.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Abstract Woman

The Mother. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. $2.50.

MRS. BUCK'S heroine has no name. She is simply the wife of a small Chinese farmer surnamed Li who is never called anything except "the man," and she is the mother of three children who are referred to as "the elder son," "the daughter," and "the younger son." Her mother-in-law, her cousin, her cousin's wife, and later on her elder son's wife are known to us only by the terms which designate their relationships to her. Indeed, we have here a whole Chinese village, not to say a whole Chinese class, which passes its monotonous days in a perfect and murmurous anonymity—the murmurousness coming from Mrs. Buck's style as much as from anything else, though it comes also from the type of event which she repeatedly and accentlessly intones.

> There was the man. To him there was no change in time, no hope of any new thing day after day. Even in the coming of the children his wife loved there was no new thing, for to him they were born the same and one was like another and all were to be clothed and fed, and when they were grown they must be wed in their turn and once more children born and all was the same, each day like to another, and there was no new thing. . . . Sometimes . . . it fell upon him like a terror that so long as he lived there was naught for him but this, to rise in the morning and go to this land of which they owned but little and rented from a landlord who lived in pleasure in some far city.

There is pleasure in China, then, and doubtless there are people with names. But all of that is hopelessly remote from this village where the mother, deserted by her man after she has borne him only three children, is left to live out her life. Her man, presumably, escapes into the wider world of cities and silver coins and many-colored clothes. She neither escapes nor wishes to escape, though she would like to have her man back for two reasons: she loves him and she could have more children by him. Pregnancy and nursing not only are the deepest joys of her existence; they are the only diversions she has, they are the only events capable of convincing her that she lives and has importance. So her tragedy is that she must spend most of her years in an atmosphere unheavy with procreation. Even her hunger for grandchildren is denied satisfaction. Her elder son's wife is pale, passionless, and barren; her daughter is blind and must be given away to a degenerate youth in whose miserable house she dies childless; and her younger son, escaping like his father, is converted by the Communists, whom he joins, to the belief that all this business of marrying and child-bearing is old-fashioned and irrational. The mother has her only triumph at the end, when, returning from the terrible scene of her younger son's execution as a Communist agitator, she learns that her daughter-in-law has produced a grandson after all. So life goes on.

Mrs. Buck's refusal to name characters and her selection of a wholly unaccentuated style are doubtless proper for the kind of novel she has written, which is a kind that many may write during decades to come when, happily or unhappily, classes are likely to be considered more interesting than individuals as material for fiction. But it is worthy of note that she has not been able in the end to avoid individualizing her people. The mother, the father, each one of the children, the cousin, the landlord's agent who seduces the mother, the village gossip—not one of these but has his uniqueness and picturesque clarity. At the same time that the book reminds us of the similarity which human beings bear to one another it reminds us of the fact that no two of them are identical. This, of course, is what good fiction always has done—and what, proletarian or otherwise, it will always do, though the emphasis may be altered to suit the temper of a time. From the purely literary point of view, if there is such a thing, there would seem then to be no cause either for exultation or for despair in the prospect of a future age when great quantities of class-conscious fiction are to be produced. That fiction will have its individuals—never worry—quite as much as fiction before the flood had its types, its classes, and its common human nature.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Stubborn Politician

Letters of Grover Cleveland, 1850-1908. Selected and Edited by Allan Nevins. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THESE letters, which Mr. Nevins has used all the resources of scholarship to collect and edit, are, I am afraid, a little confusing. The editor, in his introduction, has exhausted the vocabulary of heroism to characterize Grover Cleveland: "courageous soul," "stubborn human integrity," "Bunyan's Valiant-for-Truth," "steadfast heart," these and dozens of similar extravagant phrases assail the eye in the preliminary pages and prefatory passages Mr. Nevins has written. What emerges from the letters, on the other hand, is the picture of a stubborn and unimaginative tory politician who, in the midst of a depression less severe only than the present one, conceived it as his sole function to defend the integrity of the gold standard against the assaults of the silverites.

While farmers in the West and South were mobilizing for political action and listening to exhortations to "raise less corn and more hell," while unemployed workers were organizing great mass demonstrations and converging from a half-dozen different directions on Washington, while desperate strikes filled the land, President Cleveland fiddled with tariff bills and carried on negotiations with private bankers for the issuance of gold bonds which presumably were to be used to maintain the Treasury's gold reserve. That the generous bankers turned right around and obtained the gold from the Treasury with which to buy the bonds, leaving everything exactly where it was before except for their profits of promotion, of course detracts nothing from the President's statesmanship. Like other Bourbons—Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith, for example—Cleveland was sure that the protection of the owning classes against currency heresies was all that was required to assure the stability of American economic institutions.

Offhand, it might be said that Mr. Nevins is entitled to his own definition of a historian: that if he conceives his function to be the building up of the reputations of negligible tory politicians, that is his own concern. I, for one, should be the last to object to a reasoned defense of the right position in either politics or economics. But when the editor can distinguish between tories and tories—can say that Grover Cleveland was a great and courageous leader because he knew how to twiddle his thumbs during a national crisis while Herbert Hoover was a weak and ineffectual one because he twiddled his thumbs during another (see Mr. Nevins in *Current History* for July, 1932)—then a certain bewilderment naturally arises.

Cleveland's little notes to E. C. Benedict make very amusing reading in the light of the editor's noble apostrophes to his hero. The wealthy Mr. Benedict, who like the President was fond of fishing and sailing and on that basis was able to build up quite a charming friendship, was kind enough to take care of Cleveland's private investments during the second Administration. On January 1, 1897, when his address was still the White House, Cleveland wrote as follows to his good friend:

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> You speak of an investment you lately made and say you were thinking of me at the time and that I can help myself to some of it. I see it has risen in price since then and of course I ought not after my delay to avail myself of your offer. I confess I have been thinking about bonds and income by way of interest, but as I said in my former letter I am willing to abide by your judgment and will do whatever you suggest, or will keep what I have to invest to a more convenient season.

On January 31, still from the same address, Cleveland wrote:

> I inclose you check for $6,412.50 in payment of the balance due you on our last transaction, excepting interest, which if I should attempt to adjust I would probably get astray. That can be adjusted hereafter, I suppose. There has a thing occurred within the last day or two which will raise the price of Northern Pacific securities. I believe they have appreciated some under suspicion that something might or had happened, which is undoubtedly an accomplished fact.

Cleveland's letters are almost uniformly dull and trivial but one communication in this book is worth reading, that of Governor Altgeld to Cleveland on July 5, 1894, which bitterly protested against the dispatch of federal troops to Illinois to break the Pullman strike. On the basis of the interchange of telegrams between the two men I cannot for the life of me see anything in Mr. Nevins's contention that Attorney-General Olney had sold Cleveland a bill of goods when he persuaded his chief to send the soldiers. Cleveland, like the stout reactionary he was, knew exactly what he was doing.

LOUIS M. HACKER

"Spider of the Escorial"

Philip II: The First Modern King. By Jean H. Mariéjol. Translated from the French by Warre B. Wells. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

IF Henry Adams's attempt to apply the second law of thermodynamics to the history of mankind did not meet with conspicuous success, the theory would seem to find better justification in the historiography of Philip II. The vital energy of earlier assaults on this sixteenth-century Lucifer has given way to an equilibrium of pros and cons. In the last half-century the portrayals of him by historians and biographers have become more and more dispassionate—and more and more pallid. The once familiar figure of the "Spider of the Escorial" has been transformed into that of a chief clerk bending over files of correspondence, a mediocrity to whom is denied even the distinction of diabolism. In current accounts of his reign, the murders, massacres, and *autos de fe* belong to the spirit of the age; only the red tape is Philip's. Thus in 1926 the Spanish historian Ballesteros characterized him as a "bureaucrat-king," in 1932 Loth found him a "very ordinary sort of man," and now Mariéjol declares that "Philip II was neither so black nor so great as he has been painted," and that "he was not a great king" but "a man who fussed with documents."

Why should anyone write a biography of so commonplace a person, even though he was a king? It is not surprising that historians turn out reams of monographs on the subject, for many of their profession hold that history is a science and that it must therefore deal with the recurrent, the constant, the uniform—in short, the commonplace. But there is no such school of scientific biography. The exceptional character is still the proper subject for biographers. Yet they continue to write about Philip, "the prudent king," and they continue to declare that there was nothing unique about him.

We may turn the spirit of the age against Philip's recent biographers and say that it is in accordance with the spirit of our own age that they debunk villains as well as heroes, reducing both to a dead level of mediocrity. This sort of thing occurs so frequently that we often suspect the mediocrity lies not in the subject but in the mind of the biographer. Or else the biographer finds the subject less commonplace than he would have us believe and his verdict of mediocrity is an obeisance to the Zeitgeist. But even that is changing.

The truth about Philip is that in several respects he was an exceptional person, and that in its totality his character was unique. There was no one else quite like him in Europe. There was no one else quite like him even in Spain. Every other prince in Christendom, including the popes themselves, knew the salutary uses of compromise; not so Philip. No other ruler in the history of Europe has acted more consistently in the profound conviction that he was the agent of God on earth and that God (read Philip) could not fail. Nor was he a typical Spaniard, as most writers assert. If we must generalize about national traits, your Spanish gentleman of the sixteenth century was an individualist, a fighter, and (fighting aside) a loafer. Philip was the dutiful son, the stern father, the king, the champion of the Faith; never once in his life was he ever merely Philip. He loathed fighting, and he was an indefatigable worker. Even on the darker side his character was not Spanish. His dominant emotion, hatred, did not express itself in the hot passion of the South. Says Mariéjol himself: "His acts of vengeance, carried out in cold blood, make us shudder." Devotion to duty and an implacable hatred of all who stood in the way of his performance of it—this seems to me to be the key to Philip's character. If in following the course which his character dictated he brought the empire to the verge of ruin, he could console himself with the reflection that the world was well lost for hate.

Interpretations of Philip's character will always be as numerous as the interpreters. The "facts" about most of the events of his life are now pretty well ascertained. With a prudence worthy of an academic historian and of Philip himself, Mariéjol has chosen to confine himself almost entirely to a statement of these facts. We should be rather grateful to him for having done so, for while his occasional essays at interpretation are neither essentially novel nor convincing, his long familiarity with the period has enabled him to write the most satisfactory narrative of Philip's life that has yet appeared. The story is one of absorbing interest, and Mariéjol has told it clearly and authoritatively. But why call Philip II the first modern king? The translation seems to be a good one in most respects, despite occasional slips. The translator has David dancing before the "bow"; what David danced before was the Ark of the Lord.

ARTHUR P. WHITAKER

Stalin and World Revolution

World Revolution and the U. S. S. R. By Michael T. Florinsky. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE thesis of this book—that Stalin is substituting Russian Socialist construction for the earlier Communist ideal of world revolution—has had considerable currency in the last few years. Professor Florinsky modestly refrains from adding any new thoughts or interpretations, but most of his long excerpts from official Bolshevik publications—about half the book is given over to quotations—have hitherto been available only to those Russians who frequent Yarmolinsky's Slavonic room at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York, or H. H. Fisher's War Collection at Palo Alto, or the Congressional Library at Washington, where the entire interesting bibliography should certainly be on the shelves.

Professor Florinsky knows these sources well, but it is a

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very far cry from knowing congress protocols to understanding the Soviet Union. Though its subject is extremely important, this book reads like a Ph.D. dissertation, moving from convention to convention, from speech to speech, instead of from one phase of life to another. This stricture would be gratuitous if there were not internal evidence that the author has mastered his theme only mechanically and lacks a real grasp of its true inwardness.

Before criticizing Professor Florinsky's general treatment, however, I owe it to him to say that he must not misquote Lenin and then ridicule him on the basis of the misquotation. In his last testament, Lenin said:

> Bukharin is not only the most valuable and most important theoretician of the party, but also is deservedly looked upon as the favorite of the entire party; nevertheless his theoretical views can hardly be accepted as truly Marxian because there is something scholastic about him. He was never trained in dialectics and, I think, never fully understood them.

Professor Florinsky distorts the testament, using the word "dialectician" instead of "theoretician" and then says:

> How a man who was never trained in the dialectic method and never fully understood it could in spite of this be the party's "most valuable and important dialectician" is perhaps as difficult to comprehend as the application of the dialectic method itself.

Strange that the application of the dialectic method should seem so difficult to a professor who explains it in seven pages.

This wet little squib fired by the Columbia teacher at N. Lenin was propelled by an attitude of hostility toward the Soviet Union. It is extraordinary, not to use a stronger adjective, for anyone who aspires to be called a Russian authority to say, as Professor Florinsky does (pp. 34 and 62), that the Allies intervened against the Soviets in reprisals against Bolshevik propaganda. They intervened chiefly because they wished to reestablish the eastern front, crush bolshevism, and divide Russia. The secret Anglo-French convention of December 23, 1917, which cut out British and French zones in Russia, and innumerable statements by Lloyd George, Churchill, Poincaré, and others prove this. Did the British occupy large sections of Turkestan and the Caucasus because they were irritated by Communist agitation or because they wished to round out their empire and get more oil? Did the Poles march into the Ukraine in April, 1920, on account of the Comintern or in order to fulfil ancient federalistic, expansionist designs? Did Japan want to stop Zinoviev or seize Siberia up to Chita? History gives the incontrovertible answer, and it is not Professor Florinsky's. When he adds that revolutionary Russia's withdrawal from the imperialistic, immoral World War can be considered "not without good reason" as "something akin to treason," it becomes abundantly clear that the author is handicapped in his study of Soviet affairs by a lack of sympathetic understanding which probably reflects his Czarist Russian background.

Now as to his main thesis. Trotzky maintained that socialism cannot be built in a backward country like Russia with 100,000,000 private-capitalist peasants. Therefore the safe future of the Bolshevik revolution depended on further revolutionary developments abroad. Stalin maintained that since revolution was receding in Europe and Asia, the Bolsheviks had no choice but to build socialism in Russia only, and it could be done by collectivizing and industrializing. The heart of the Stalin-Trotzky controversy and of the Socialism in One Country versus Permanent Revolution conflict is the fate of peasant Russia. If collectivization can succeed in socializing Russian agriculture, then socialism can be built in a single country. One would think, accordingly, that Professor Florinsky would pay some attention to collectivization. Unbelievable as it sounds, he uses the word "collectivization" only twice in the whole volume and then most casually, and does not discuss the process at all.

Secondly, everybody who knows anything about the Stalin-Trotzky struggle will agree that the Chinese revolution of 1924-27 played a role in it second only to the peasant issue. In a book filled with interesting full-page quotations, which nevertheless repeat one another, the author can spare only a page and a half to the Chinese revolution and only six lines to the Stalin-Trotzky storm that raged around it. These six lines, however, are completely wrong. Professor Florinsky says that Stalin wanted a Chinese soviet republic and that Trotzky attacked him for this. But how can that be when Trotzky demanded the stimulation of the world revolution even at the expense of Russia's interests? If China could be made soviet, then the world revolution might be achieved quickly. It is not logical that Trotzky should have been opposed to Stalin's advocacy of a Chinese soviet republic. And it is also not true. Until the summer of 1927, when the Chinese revolution collapsed, Stalin actually was interested in creating a strong nationalist China and favored cooperation with certain bourgeois Chinese elements, while it was Trotzky, not Stalin, who naturally wished for a Chinese soviet republic and an outright Communist uprising. This mistake on so fundamental a question is a heavy count against the author.

Professor Florinsky promised in his preface to examine the changing Bolshevik ideas on world revolution, "along with the interplay of political and economic considerations." The examination of this interplay is absent, and the whole treatment suffers accordingly. Nevertheless, the changing Bolshevik ideas are presented in orderly, academic, faithful fashion by means of translations from the very revealing original statements accompanied by comments by the author on these statements.

LOUIS FISCHER

Shooting Straight to Glory

Kingdom Coming. By Roark Bradford. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

MR. BRADFORD'S book deals with a subject hitherto neglected by American fiction writers—the plight of the Negro suddenly set free by Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The scene of the story is a Red River plantation in the days of the underground railroad—the "true" underground and the "blind" underground by which many an unsuspecting Negro was lured to his death. Ideas of God and freedom hang heavy over the plantation. Of the two the idea of God seems more immediate. Mr. Bradford's Negroes—unless they are abandoned characters—walk in close communion with Sweet King Jesus.

Grammy, his hero—he is named Telegram for a famous race horse—is a fine man with horses, as was his father before him. In the natural course of events he would live to an honored old age, and his son, Good News out of Penny, would follow in his father's footsteps. But the war comes. The master gets on his horse and rides away, leaving Grammy to manage the plantation. This he does creditably until the depredations of the soldiery leave him little to manage. He loads his womenfolk and his baby into a wagon then, and joins the vast encampment of bewildered Negroes in New Orleans.

Leisure and lack of direction take a heavy toll of the encampment. The sophisticated city Negroes initiate many of the newcomers into voodoo rites. Penny, Grammy's wife, becomes a voodoo queen and lets her own baby be killed in order that the devotees may have human blood for their sacrifices. Grammy, undeterred by her threats to burn his eyeballs out and scorch him to a feather, seeks her out and kills her by felling her with a brick. Having punished her and avenged the

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death of his son, who will now never grow up to be a fine man with horses, he goes back to his tent and falls into a dreamless sleep. The next morning he goes through his trial without even knowing that he has been condemned to death.

Mr. Bradford, more than any other American writer, knows the Negro. He approaches his Negro characters with the proper reverence. In the midst of easy and often careless magazine prose he dwells lovingly on the rhythms of Negro speech. And it has been his brilliant achievement to make these rhythms set forth the workings of the Negro mind. But it is, after all, only one aspect of the Negro mind that he has chosen to deal with.

His plantation scenes are fresh and moving; his characters are seen in a clear and authentic light. Grammy trains the pacing mare to singlefoot by riding her every morning over a tier of rails. Tobin, the overseer, lounging on the porch, is told that there has been a murder over in the bayou. "That so?" he asks with mild curiosity. "White man or nigger?" The relation of white man and black is often thus illuminated by an unforgettable scene or a single phrase.

Mr. Bradford is writing here about things and people loved and remembered. He is not so happy in his New Orleans scenes. Penny, hitherto an exemplary wife and mother, turns into a voodoo queen with bewildering rapidity. The reader balks at the idea of her sacrificing her own child. Henceforth she is not so much a character in the book as a person of whom Mr. Bradford is relating stories which we may or may not believe. And one may fairly charge the author with regrettable paucity of invention in the denouement of "Kingdom Coming." Grammy cheats the firing squad in much the same way that the docile, trusting Willy of Mr. Bradford's brilliant short story eludes the hangman's trap.

> The soldier with the pistol said the last word of the charm that set Grammy free. But Grammy did not hear it. He heard a rumble and a roar . . . and he landed squarely in the middle of Free Heaven, right on the lap of the Sweet God A'mighty King Jesus.

But what of the Negro who was not armed with this shining simplicity of spirit? There is still a book to be written about his emancipation.

CAROLINE GORDON

Drama

Miss Hepburn and "The Lake"

THE producers of "The Lake" (Martin Beck Theater) have very plainly suffered from the fact that too much was expected of both the play and its star. The only fair thing to do is to forget for a moment what had been heard of both and to ask ourselves what the reaction would have been if the first were not known as the hit of a London season and if the second were not handicapped by a lush reputation grown overnight in the subtropical climate of Hollywood. At best the present production could hardly have repeated the London success, but it might, at least, have been better received by an audience which expected nothing in particular. In England Dorothy Massingham's play acquired a certain extraneous interest because its author, member of a famous literary family, committed suicide shortly after writing this story of a young girl who takes her leave of us with suicide obviously on her mind. In its own right, moreover, the play has elements of unmistakable power, while its equally obvious weaknesses are such that a really extraordinary performance of the leading role might well conceal them. Unfortunately, however, these weaknesses remain all too obvious in the present production.

The first difficulty is, I think, that it has only three moments and that the writing is technically unskilful in so far as it fails adequately to sustain the interest between these moments. Its other conspicuous weakness lies in the fact that the story itself is loosely knit, that the incidents follow one another as a series of possible but fortuitous events instead of being, like those of the most satisfactory fables, logical outgrowths of what preceded them. In the first scene the heroine breaks with the weakling whom she loves; in the second she discovers how deep is her attachment to the man whom she has just married *faute de mieux;* in the third she learns of his accidental death a few minutes after the wedding. Obviously these truly affecting incidents might have happened, but they are devoid of that meaning and that impressiveness which events can have only when they are brought about by something more than chance, when they proceed from, or are at least particularly appropriate to, the characters involved. Moreover, the heroine is but sketchily presented, and we know her too little to be very deeply concerned with her fate. The play merely marks time between its climaxes when it should be building up our interest in the principal personages, and one can only assume that in England the actress intrusted with the part created a role which the author had left too largely blank. This Katharine Hepburn fails to do, and as a result the play seldom seems much more than a rather faltering sketch which may have been based upon actual incidents but which never achieves the more solid reality of art.

Miss Hepburn has obvious gifts. As a personality she is vivacious, pleasant to look upon, and piquant in that faintly androgynous manner so popular at the moment. She is also very much alive and she knows how to keep the eyes of an audience upon her. It would be ungenerous not to add, also, that there are several moments—notably that in which she confesses her love for her husband—in which she is genuinely effective. But it is equally plain that she is not equal to the task of making the heroine of this play seem a person real enough and definite enough to engage us very deeply. She is shrill, she is metallic, and she seems, far too often, merely a spoiled adolescent when it is very important for the play that we should believe her to be a great deal more than that. I fancy that Miss Hepburn would be an excellent ingenue, but she is not yet a tragedian—certainly not one capable of concealing the weakness of a play like "The Lake." Frances Starr and Blanche Bates are both better in roles which are also better written, probably because the author could be objective about them in a way she could not be about what is, in part at least, a self-portrait.

"The First Apple" (Booth Theater) I found very genuinely if rather quietly amusing. Most reviewers were rather grudging in their praise, but I happen to have a special liking for even minor examples of polite comedy in the great tradition, and that is exactly what "The First Apple" is. Our heroine, a nice girl, pays a call on a young man whom she meets by chance, and to her great amazement she does what she is told it is impossible to do—namely, "go wrong on Brahms." In her horror she not only gets herself engaged to a young man who is as innocent of music as he would be of seduction, but threatens to stick to her new contract even when the original tempter turns up with honorable proposals. The struggle between the representatives of respectability and good sense is very nicely played out on the comic level, and of course sense wins. A good deal of charm is added by the pleasing presence of Irene Purcell.

As its title may possibly suggest, "Big Hearted Herbert" (Biltmore Theater) is in another tradition, but there are some very solid merits to this broadly told tale of a self-made man cured of his boastful "plainness" by a neat trick. J. C. Nugent gets a good deal of broad fun out of the part of the obstreperous husband, and Elizabeth Risdon is also very good indeed in the part of the wife who finally decides to give him a taste of living even plainer than he bargained for. My guess is that

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Continued on page 84

this is exactly the sort of play which is likely to please a great many people who find the usual Broadway fare a little too highly spiced. I might add that even the sophisticates could easily choose a worse evening's entertainment.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Two new ballets were presented by the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe in the second week of its performances. "The School of Ballet" is a light and graceful comedy. The dancing is consistently good and the pace never lags. The stars of the piece are Leon Woizikovsky, who contributes some delightful humorous dancing, Leonide Massine, and Tatiana Riabouchinska.

As a spectacle of color and design "The Beach," for which Raoul Dufy designed the curtain, scenery, and costumes, is very pleasing. But Irina Baranova has neither the bodily grace nor the technical finish to carry the very literal role of a simple girl in an ordinary bathing suit which happens also to be the pivotal role in the production. At such moments the question arises how far or how directly the dance as an art form should venture into literalness. It would seem, at least, that only dancers unusually gifted both in personality and in technique—a group which would include Massine, Woizikovsky, Danilova, and others in the Monte Carlo ballet—can overcome the old and often banal associations inherent in literal material, and in addition create fresh images. In dancing as in music, abstraction may be the most direct path to response.

M. M.

Films

"Lot in Sodom"

TO describe "Lot in Sodom" (Little Carnegie) as a highly interesting experiment in the direction of pure cinema is possibly to do the picture more harm than good in the minds of a certain class of people. For some time it has been impossible not to detect in much of what is written about the screen—one cannot call it criticism—a kind of supersnobbery, directed toward those who have chosen to take the films with a certain amount of seriousness, and taking the form of ridicule of whatever terms these latter employ for the purposes of analysis or description. Thus, it is pretty nearly fatal at the moment to make use of such terms as "pictorial rhythm," "composition," or "montage" in defining one's response to a new picture. Even to refer to the movies as cinema, as in the opening sentence of this review, is to lay oneself open to charges of pretentiousness, obfuscation, and what is perhaps even worse—"artiness." It is to run square into the trap set by those engaged in the favorite game of contemporary journalism, the game that Leonard Woolf, in one of his essays, calls "hunting the highbrow." The horror of appearing to take the films too seriously is of course part of the general horror nowadays of taking anything very seriously. But it is more particularly related to the still very profound distrust of the motion-picture medium—a medium whose origins have been so lowly, whose history has been so checkered, and whose vocabulary of criticism has not yet solidified into any convenient or trustworthy set of clichés. Embarrassed in this manner, those journalists who have been unable to assemble enough gossip or personality to substitute for criticism have been forced to fall back on the ever-reliable appeal to the lowbrow's resentment toward what he does not understand.

These remarks are prompted by "Lot in Sodom" because more than any picture in months it makes one realize how inadequate is the vocabulary we have so far been able to devise to describe or analyze a film which is a *film,* and not something

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BIG HEARTED HERBERT. Biltmore Theater. J. C. Nugent and Elisabeth Risdon in a broad but funny farce about the taming of a self-made man.

CHAMPAGNE SEC. Shubert Theater. Somewhat modernized version of the still tuneful "Fledermaus." Very gaily done.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. First-rate specimen of Clare Kummer's very special kind of wit with Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

THE FIRST APPLE. Booth Theater. Irene Purcell contributes much charm to a fragile but amusing comedy about—first apples.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

THE LAKE. Avon Theater. Katharine Hepburn in an English tragedy which came highly recommended. Neither the play nor the star quite up to expectations.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Sparkling adaptation of Moliere's comedy by Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner. Charmingly produced, and acted *con amore* by Osgood Perkins and June Walker.

TOBACCO ROAD. Masque Theater. Superb performance by Henry Hull in a grotesquely humorous play about total depravity as exhibited by the poor whites of Georgia. Dramatized from a novel by Erskine Caldwell and not likely to be forgotten even by those who find it a little too strong for their stomachs.

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else—a novel, a play, or a poem in celluloid form. Here is a picture whose effect is qualitatively different from the effect produced on us by any other art-form to which we may have responded. Yet such are the limitations of our vocabulary that we can indicate that effect only by analogy with another form. Like Dreyer's "Passion of Joan of Arc," the picture that Dr. John S. Watson, Jr., has made offers an example of lyricism in the cinema: its method is a rhythmical arrangement of symbols rather than a chronological development of action. An objective pattern of events, Mr. Eliot's "objective correlative," it undoubtedly possesses in the Biblical story; but what counts is the intensity of feeling which reduces this to its essential symbols for the imagination. The director is the poet, and these smoking plains, fluctuant shapes, tongues of fire, melted together in rhythms that give them at one and the same time emotional and aesthetic unity, constitute his personal vision of the destruction of Sodom. There is no attempt at realistic historical reconstruction, as in "Sign of the Cross" and "Ben Hur," and no undue exploitation of the contemporary fascination with the *moeurs* to which the Sodomites have given their name. The angel that comes to Lot and the woman turned to stone lose none of their reality to the imagination through being translated from verbal to visual symbols. The story as a whole loses nothing by the translation; and it is because Dr. Watson has recognized so clearly the difference between these two types of symbols that his picture is one of the purest examples in some time of the cinema as distinguished from literature or drama.

The point is here revived with such emphasis because the inability on the part of Norman MacLeod, the director, to distinguish between the language of literature and the language of the screen is undoubtedly the essential reason for the failure of the current film version of "Alice in Wonderland." In the light of this fundamental error, all its weaknesses become immediately explainable—its aimless structure, its jogging tempo, and its uniform deadness of effect. It is a mistake, therefore, to put too much blame on individual performers, like Gary Cooper, whose White Knight is something of a triumph of bad acting, or Charlotte Henry, whose Alice lacks pretty much everything that we associate with the character. The principal responsibility for the catastrophe lies with the director and with those who prepared the script. Alice contracts and expands, it must be admitted, with the most admirable mechanical neatness—but that is exactly the trouble. With what we know of modern double-exposure processes and the rest we are hardly able to be affected where we should be most affected—in our imaginations. Never for a moment is the Looking-glass world on the screen the equivalent of the Looking-glass world of Lewis Carroll's fantasy. No amount of technical ingenuity can compensate for the frustration of the imagination involved in reducing word-symbols, with their infinite potentialities, to a set of more or less fixed and never more than approximate aural and visual symbols. What Mr. McLeod's version of "Alice in Wonderland" most nearly resembles is a joke that has been so badly translated into a foreign language that its whole point is lost.

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